STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 96. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

"FURNITURE TOWN"

STATION,

HOLLOWAY ROAD, N.

(Piccadilly and Brompton Tube.)

"THE GREAT LONDON CENTRE FOR ALL THAT'S GOOD IN SECOND-HAND FURNITURE."

Streets of Furniture! Avenues of Bedsteads!!
Roads of Linoleum!!! Squares of Carpets!!!!

If you are furnishing or buying Furniture in large or small quantity, be well advised, visit "FURNITURE TOWN," and buy only Splendid Second-hand Furniture. You will find there Bedroom Suites, £2 10s.; Drawing-Room Suites, £3 15s.; Dining-Room Suites, £4; Bedsteads and Bedding, 25s.; Luxurious Easy Chairs, 10s.; Carpets from 10s.; Overmantels, 9s., and Thousands of Bargains for Cash, or £5 worth, 1s. weekly; £10, 2s.; £15, 3s.; £20, 4s.; £30, 5s. Larger amounts in proportion. London deliveries all districts daily. Country orders carriage paid. Call if possible, or write for Great Bargain List. It will pay you.

W. JELKS & SONS,

"FURNITURE TOWN,"

263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 275a, Holloway Road, N.

Depositories—2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).

(Closely adjacent Holloway Road Tube Station.)

TELEPHONES: 2598 & 2599 NORTH. 7826 CENTRAL.

REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE.

TELEGRAMS: JELLICO, LONDON.

COPYRIGHT.

King Edward VII.: His Life and Reign

The Record of a Noble Career.

By EDGAR SANDERSON, M.A., and LEWIS MELVILLE.

Every loyal Englishman will desire to place upon his bookshelf a good biography of our late revered Sovereign King Edward VII.

The biography here described is submitted as being authoritative, complete, well illustrated, and magnificently bound. It will form a permanent and worthy record of an exceptionally interesting reign.

The first volume takes us back to his birth and early manhood, the second with his marriage and first serious illness, the third with his many Colonial tours. The fourth volume describes the many public duties which fell to him in connection with the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and closes with an account of his Accession. In the fifth and sixth volumes will be found a faithful record of his brilliant Coronation and his noble work as universal peacemaker.

TWO MAGNIFICENT PLATES,

executed in Photogravure, of King Edward and Queen Alexandra (size 22ins. by 15ins.) will be presented to every Subscriber.

The necessary expenditure works out at about 1d. a day for twelve months, but you are not bothered with small parts, and have no **further expense** for binding. Send attached form for further particulars.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE.

To The Gresham Publishing Co.,
34-5, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Please send me the illustrated free booklet describing the new biography, "KING EDWARD VII.: His Life and Reign," and particulars of the unique plan of purchase enabling readers of THE MODERN MAN to obtain the work for roughly 1d. a day for twelve months.

Name.....

Address.....

French or German by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH OR GERMAN?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an Expensive Way of Acquiring a Foreign Language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15s.; of the German, 10s. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers Composition and Idiom Books, &c., &c., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH or GERMAN in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE (ESTABLISHED — 1875. —)

Address for Self-Tuition Inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; 303, High Holborn, W.C.; 64 and 66, Oxford Street, W.; 205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 96. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1910. ONE PENNY.

MARKS OF THE BILLIARD PLAYER.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PLAYING AND PLAYING WELL.

The man who plays billiards much and well has many little tricks, of which he himself is probably unconscious.

For example, he seldom picks up a ball without rubbing it against his shirt in the angle of his elbow, for he knows that if any grit or dust adhere to the ball, it may completely spoil a delicate shot.

The novice when returning a ball bangs it down on the table, the experienced player rolls it gently back, thus saving both ball and table.

It is an old saying that the professional chalks his cue before a shot, the amateur after miscuing, but the careful amateur chalks not only his cue tip, paying particular attention to the edges, but the cue itself about a foot to eighteen inches from the tip, and the fork of his bridge hand.

This means that the cue will slide smoothly and easily across the bridge.

In chalking the cue shaft don't do it up and down, but circular fashion.

After chalking the cue tip the player who knows a thing or two gives the cue a gentle knock against the outside of the table. This is to knock off any loose grains of chalk which would otherwise fall on the table and interfere with the true running of the balls.

If you watch a good player, you will see that after every stroke, except screws and stabs, the cue follows on after the ball for a foot or even more, and that the point is always downwards.

The secret of following through, which is essential to a good game, lies in a light, delicate grip, and a free, steady, easy delivery. To grip the cue tightly or to jerk or dig at the ball is fatal to following through.

When using the rest, the beginner or the man who doesn't know how to use it holds the handle in the air off the table.

The good player puts the rest down on the table, placing his hand firmly over the handle. Further he keeps his cue arm at right angles to the rest, back of the hand to the rear.

When "tucked up" under the cushion, the poor player gets himself into all sorts of extraordinary attitudes and tries to hit the ball extra hard.

The "crack" takes such shots gently, getting the butt well up and letting the cue more or less drop on to the ball.

Finally, the good player watches the score. Wanting three for game it is better to try a fairly difficult three-shot than a fairly easy two unless you can make certain of a "leave."

FREEMAN WILLIS.

CHEEK.

A new feminine fashion is painted hats. To match the faces underneath, we presume.

* * * * * * *

LATEST JOURNALISTIC CONUNDRUM:—
When does "The Onlooker" "Era" "War-Cry"?
When "The Modern Man" "Snap-Shots" "The Lady."

* * * * * * *

A contemporary says that Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., is slim and a little bitter. He probably prefers that to being stout.

* * * * * * *

A woman was recently charged with roasting her baby. Evidently she thought it was a little duck.

* * * * * * *

The man who makes a fool of himself through reckless driving is not always a motorist. Quite as often he is a golfer.

* * * * * * *

"M.A.P." is now taking an interest in the colour question. After describing the horrors of the White Female Traffic, it now warns us against the Blackmail danger.

* * * * * * *

Says Judge Bacon, "I should bring up all boys to a trade if I had children. The market is overstocked with clerks, typists, and shorthand-writers." Such a remark is rasher of Bacon than we should have expected.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Hedderwick, K.C., says, "If you want to quarrel with your wife, you must do it strictly in private." We prefer doing it leniently in private.

* * * * * * *

A man recently offered a sturdy resistance to four policemen. The fact that he had no legs enhanced the greatness of his feat.

* * * * * * *

A well-known restorer company recommends "Hair-Drill." We suppose this is in order to make it shoot properly.

* * * * * * *

Says Mr. James Douglas, "Boyhood is an incurable disease." But many equally well-informed people contend that it can be cured by giving the sufferer beans.

* * * * * * *

Several newspapers have been remarking lately that Lord Kitchener is "out of a job."
But why don't they offer him one in their "leader" department?

* * * * * * *

The Bishop of Carlisle advises us to "Fix on the tree you are going to climb, and determine to climb to the top." Certainly, if we didn't fix on it properly we should fall off.

J. S. COX.

STRAIGHT HITTING.

HOW TO ACQUIRE THE ONE GREAT SECRET OF POWERFUL BOXING.

Most people are wont to talk very glibly of the magic of a good straight left; but it is an undeniable fact that the men who really possess one are in an enormous minority.

For the average man is not endowed by nature with the ability to hit straight. This is a quality which has to be carefully instilled into him by a long period of painstaking instruction.

For instance, take two raw "natural" fighters and get them to "have a go" at one another with the gloves. You will see them double their fists and hit at each other like a pair of windmills, and it will be very infrequently that either will get a hit home.

Let the reader put himself into the primary position, weight on the right leg, body half-turned so that the left shoulder is slightly forward, left foot advanced about a foot and a half from the right, and the left arm held easily out.

Keep the left toe straight in the direction in which you are looking, *i.e.*, the point of your imaginary adversary's jaw; and keep your left, or leading, arm straight along this line, too.

Then keep on leading out, concentrating your mind on the business of keeping your foot, hand, and eye in unison. In this way you will be well on the road to the acquirement of a straight left.

You could not do better than practise this continually before a large looking-glass, for you will thus be able to observe what a great tendency there is to "hit across," as the saying is, and how enormously the tendency is increased by even the slightest deviation on the part of your left foot from the straight line of attack.

Many tall or long-armed men are apt to detract considerably from their naturally long "reach" by neglecting to make full use of the width of their shoulders between the left arm and the neck.

This is partly why the beginner is so insistently directed to turn his body half round. Also less of his body is thus exposed.

Jem Mace, the great fighting man, in the height of his fame, used to score tremendously with straight lefts. He would simply wait to be attacked, when he would calmly parry the blow, and stall off his opponent, as a contemporary writer put it, "with masterly jabs at the face."

Then, when his man was thoroughly tired out, Jem Mace, who would not have turned a hair, would composedly proceed to "go in and finish him."

Nowadays, far too many men are carried away by their admiration of right-hand swings. These look very powerful and appeal strongly to the "natural" fighter, but the really scientific boxer realises how much more punishment there really is in a properly-delivered straight left.

E. R. FORDHAM.

EXPOSURE OF THE "DAILY EXPRESS" AND THE "DAILY CHRONICLE."

"*Fittest for to forge true-seeming lies.*"
—SPENSER.

If for no other reason, the Crippen case will long be remembered for the behaviour of the Press during the weeks of the accused's flight and arrest.

"Trial by newspaper" has, unfortunately, become almost an established institution in this country, but never before has the Press gone to such discreditable lengths as in this squalidly romantic case of the American "doctor" and the eloping typist.

PANDERING TO THEIR PUBLIC.

There is no need to get up on a pedestal. Newspapers are not philanthropic concerns, and they must meet the legitimate demand for news or perish.

Nor is curiosity in a murder case and the actors therein necessarily morbid.

It is one thing, however, to meet the public's natural curiosity; it is a very different thing to pander to it, to excite and inflame it by all manner of vulgar "romance"—it would not be difficult to find a harsher word to describe it.

We are accustomed to sneer at the American papers, to stigmatise them as yellow rags, to hug ourselves that we are not like the Yankees, ready to be gulled by any journalistic Ananias.

Remove from the average American newspaper its purely sensational items, and much remains that is good—bright humour, entertaining magazine articles on subjects of general and genuine interest, and well-written fiction.

Some of our newspapers, however, remind one of nothing so much as that character in one of Mark Twain's books of whom Mark said: "Take the lies out of him, and he'll shrink to the size of your hat."

Take the false news out of some of our newspapers and they would not cover a threepenny bit.

DISHONOURABLY MENTIONED.

Almost without exception our newspapers have printed false reports about Crippen and his associate, but two in particular deserve special dishonourable mention—namely, the "Daily Express" and the "Daily Chronicle."

On July 25 the "Daily Express" stated categorically that Crippen and Miss Le Neve had been arrested by Captain Kendall, whilst still on the high seas. On the following day the "Daily Express" came out with a long article headed "How Crippen Was Arrested. Dramatic Scene on Board the Liner."

It was common knowledge at the time that the ss. Montrose was out of touch with the land even by means of wireless telegraphy, but the "Express" explained its apparently supernatural knowledge of events on the Montrose by stating that a chain of communication had been established between it and passing steamers.

A most circumstantial account was given of the arrest. Here is one extract:

"Crippen and Miss Le Neve were confronted by Captain Kendall, the chief officer, and the purser. Crippen was immediately searched, and deprived of a revolver, a number of cartridges, and a penknife, while Miss Le Neve burst into tears.

"Crippen at once demanded to know what offence he was charged with, and was told that he had contravened the law by representing that the woman with whom he was travelling was a boy, and by giving a false name in the papers which he had signed."

Further details were given. The whole thing was, of course, untrue from beginning to end.

AN ALLEGED "CONFESSION."

On August 4 the "Daily Chronicle" poster, or one of its sets of posters, bore the legend "Crippen's Confession."

The paper itself contained a full account of the alleged confession. It was not given under reserve; it was stated as a definite fact, and a base attempt was made to "father" the confession on Inspector Dew.

Here is an extract:

"There is no longer any doubt that Crippen has made a confession to Inspector Dew regarding the crime of which he is charged, and the news which I sent you as a rumour last night can now be stated as a fact.

"I not only have the very best authority for saying this, but I also have the admission of Inspector Dew, made to me this afternoon, that Crippen has told him the complete story of the killing of Belle Elmore."

"OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

The "Daily Chronicle" printed this wicked lie, as it has since been proved to be, as from "Our Special Correspondent."

There are sceptics who doubt the existence of "Our Special Correspondent" and assert that the whole message was concocted in Whitefriars Street, but one can hardly believe that.

The point is, however, that even a child knows that Scotland Yard detectives do not give confessions of murder to casual journalists.

The message was, on the face of it, highly suspicious, yet it is accepted without reserve and "Crippen's Confession" is put on the "Daily Chronicle" posters. It is catch-half penny journalism of the worst kind.

It may be said that the public estimates papers and statements of this kind at their true worth, but do they? I was talking to a man on this subject the other day when he remarked: "I expect there was something in that story of a confession or they wouldn't have printed it."

Some people still have a touching faith in even the halfpenny newspaper.

Misleading sensationalism of this sort is meant to appeal to the gutter, and the gutter does not stop to discriminate between the true and the false.

Further, some impression is made on the public at large. Attempt after attempt has been made by the Press in general to prove Crippen guilty, and undoubtedly a mountain of prejudice has been created against the accused.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

British justice has heretofore been the envy of the nations. The Russian, liable at any time to be condemned and punished without a trial, has sighed for such a judicial system as ours; his leaders have held it up to him as the ideal, but is it really better than his own?

Once upon a time the Briton who was charged with a serious crime could rely upon obtaining a fair trial, upon having the evidence for, as well as against, him weighed up by those who were skilled in the law and who knew how to discriminate between the true and the merely apparent. Now the Briton, provided his alleged crime is a sensational one, is at the mercy of any penny-a-liner who cares to stir up prejudice against him.

Our time-honoured tradition of "Every man innocent until *proved* guilty" is fast slipping away, thanks to newspapers of the baser sort.

It is useless to appeal to their sense of decency. They should be brought to heel by the Public Prosecutor.

R. G. WESTON.

A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN (*mentioned in Holy Writ, and* NOT *celebrated for his truthfulness, speaking to the editors of two London newspapers*): "Bless you, my children! I can't teach *you* anything!"

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

BLESSINGTON UP-RIVER

By GEORGE LOGAN.

For once, I remember, rain did not as much as threaten, and it seemed very considerable odds that the experts who, in the newspapers, had predicted fine weather were true prophets in this instance.

For me there was that simple nothing to do which we all long for until we come upon it during our holiday-time, and then we find that the one thing we want to make life worth living is an aim therein. Inured to work which has become as much part and parcel of our existence as our breakfast, we, the workers, find that lack of it gives us that empty feeling mentally that a breakfastless morning would physically.

I had selected for my home of rest a cottage in a river-side, or rather creek-side, village, where the only excitements were the arrival of the post-man, the departure of the carrier, and very occasionally the sight of a generously pink-bonneted, locally-domiciled "play-actress," whose face was reported to be very beautiful. As I had only seen her in motor costume the anticipation of a close gaze upon this beauty remained a treat in store.

It chanced that on the morning of which I write, I had set forth to navigate the waters of the creek riverwards. Had I known that at the end o' it I should find Blessington, that disturber of peace, I should have desisted from all laborious efforts to keep the nose of my barque out of the reeds. But——

I had drawn clear of the creek out into the placid sky-mirroring waters of the river, only to find that immediate destruction threatened me in the guise of a small dinghy bearing swiftly down upon me. I pulled hard on behalf of my new flannels, for I scarce trusted, when the critical moment came, my tailor's guarantee that they were "thoroughly shrunk."

There was a horrible moment, the nose of my boat received a Johnsonian biff, and, shaken but safe, I stood up to give a critical opinion upon alleged navigators who neither knew the right side, the common precautions, nor the courtesies of the river.

My flow of language was checked by the sight of the alleged navigator—by all the gods and as I live by bread with a scraping of butter—Blessington! And further—Blessington in a tall hat, a frock coat, and—yes—patent boots!

Had you chanced to have read that which I have already set down concerning my first meeting with the Blessed One, and the outcome thereof—for a start he commandeered a Folkestone-Rythe motor-'bus forcibly from the driver—you would understand why I was struck speechless, why the flow of turgid invective was effectively dammed.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Blessington, limply.

"Yes," I replied, with some severity, "and, bang it all, man, it's no thanks to you that Tailor's Guarantee, by Good Hope out of Last Season's Flannel, hasn't been put right at the fence."

I indicated my suit and the pellucid waters in turn.

Blessington took no notice of my remarks, and veered his boat, with a now loosely-flapping sail, off into mid-stream, he shouted out:

"Have you seen a lady in a going-away dress?"

"Not seen a girl this morning!" I cried testily. "And, look here, Blessington——"

His disregard of my grievances hurt me, and it was not until he finally glided gracefully into the thick reedy home of a most conservative swan that I felt myself at all avenged.

Blessington, probably unaware of the horrible vindictiveness of up-river swans, kept the infuriated bird gallantly at bay. A kindly wind shot the sail over and once more his boat drifted out into mid-stream, Blessington palpably quaking.

"Let down the sail, you ass!" I advised him pleasantly.

In his tall hat tilted on the back of his head, and with his tie all awry, my one-time fellow-adventurer looked as out of place as a scrambled egg on a Turkey carpet.

I felt a deep compassion for him suddenly descend upon me. I felt that it was a shame that Fate should upon this very hot day put him into a duly trim and taut little dinghy which he could not sail, while I—the man who had practically lived on other people's dinghys—was in a mere plodding, unassuming, rowing boat.

"Blessington, I'll help you out——No, no. For heaven's sake don't fiddle about with that sail in midstream! Sit down, man, and let her drift!"

The "Crested Grebe," on the adoption of these tactics, nosed along the far-side bank. Two minutes later I had affixed the painter of my row-boat to a convenient stake, and, taking my oars with me as a tribute of respect to the devilment of the local water babies, I finally boarded my prize, to the relief of Blessington.

"Sit down," said he. "I'll tell you something."

"You needn't," I said. "I can see it all, Blessington, only too plainly. You're drunk, very considerably drunk. No man in his senses would come on the river in a tall hat and frock-coat. I know what you commercials are, and I make allowances for you, but——"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Sit still, and look as ruinously sober as possible, and I'll attempt to pilot you to this craft's port of lading. No. Don't bother to explain, Blessington."

"Good heavens, I haven't had a drop to-day, man!"

We had got fairly under way, and, with a favourable wind behind, the "Crested Grebe," her sail raised by my own skill, was proceeding to reel off graceful stanzas of what is termed the poetry of motion. The tall-hatted Blessington, despite this excellent state of affairs, continued to look gloomy.

He smacked his parched lips.

"Not as much as a glass of bitter has passed 'em," said he.

My expression must have shown my unbelief.

"Hang it all!" Blessington blazed. "Can't you understand that one must not collide with the juice of the grape? Can't you see by my get-up that I've been—and still am—waitin' for the champagne as supplied at the blinkin' wedding breakfast? No. Don't look at me like that. I'm down here for a simple country wedding, *I* am, as best man to Hiram P. Sneckertaddy. It should have taken place at twelve."

I took out my watch.

"It's one-thirty now."

"Exactly. We've mislaid the bride. We're searching the blooming river for her. Down all those confounded little creeks, too."

"And your friend?" I asked.

"Sneckertaddy? Well, he's left lamenting at the church, I suppose. The beauteous maiden's vamoosed, chucked up a man travelling in a natty little line—his own invention—a beetle-destroyer that'll be used all over England inside three months, you mark my words. I'm the only man on the Road, however, that can stick Sneckertaddy for more than ten minutes. He *does* gas, I'll admit, but I'm a good listener, and you wouldn't think a woman would funk a man at her own particular game, would you? Oh lor', this damn' topper!"

Blessington wiped his forehead.

"She's the daughter of the General Store proprietor here. Pretty, I'm told. Sneckertaddy went piffed over her about three weeks ago, and, being ever on the hustle, proposed just after he'd sold the old man a gross of his beetle-destroyer. The old 'un makes similarly smart queries into his financial position, becomes immediately satisfied, and gives his full consent. The motor boat-on-hire business is certainly more romantic, you see, but for finances put me on the beetle-destroyer!"

"But I don't see," I put in.

"Don't you? Well, some chap—George Gaby—in the motor line, was, and I suppose *is*, pretty keen on Miss—er Paraffin-and-Butter (can't think of her patronymic now).

"Anyway, apart from all that, Sneckertaddy arranged with me to do the best-man business, and everything looked, literally, like going as merrily as wedding bells until twelve to-day. Then the hitch that occurred to interfere with the ceremonies was—the bride did not turn up. She went on the river this morning, about ten-thirty, I gather, in her going-away dress, just for a quiet paddle in her neat little skiff, to clear her brain, as she put it. My hat! what maniac is that in charge of that motor-boat?"

There was a billowy swishing by us, and a sputtering craft, the *bête noire* of all good river-men, shot past, almost grazing off the beflourished gilded name of the "Crested Grebe." Momentarily we caught a brief glimpse of a vision in blue, and the motor-boat sped on.

"Rudder's jammed," cried Blessington.

"Good heavens!—I knew she would!"

The nose of the boat bumped the bank with an impact that sent a tremor through the little craft. Then—I have seen the same thing happen on land when a horse elected to stop suddenly—the lady was shot out clear of the prow on to the bank, and sat there—laughing!

Her back was towards us, but we could see her pretty shoulders shaking, and it seemed that the line of pink buttons that extended—well, a long way—from the neck of the Empire dress down-wards, must surely give up the unequal struggle.

Then she turned, blushing furiously.

"You landed clean," said Blessington reassuringly. "Perhaps——"

"Yes. You *can* be of great assistance," said the lady.

"Stow your halyards," said Blessington nautically.

Translating this to "Lower the sail," I obeyed with alacrity.

"Look here," I said under my breath, "What about your friend?"

"Hang my friend!"

"And the missing bride?"

"Perdition with the bride!"

I could see the light of flirtatious adventure gleaming in Blessington's eyes. His enthusiasm led him to punting our craft to the bank all by himself, while I enjoyed a position of inelegant ease by the collapsed sail.

"Hop out!" he said.

He was Napoleonic. He waited for no invitation.

"Say nothing, mam'selle," he went on. Blessington dearly loves this chivalrous little piece of Gallic. "You want us to help you to drive this boat. Allow me to inspect the rudder. Jammed, but that's a simple matter. A little oil and a spanner from the port locker there," he added, addressing me.

"But I ought to explain," said the lady. "You see, it's

all for a wager. A gentleman who takes an interest in motor-boats——"

"And in *you*," interpolated Blessington. "Er—the rudder's all right now."

"Has bet me six pairs of twelve-and-eleven-penny gloves," the lady continued, frigidly disregarding the insinuation, "that I cannot drive this boat to Whitlingham. You've now done all I require. I can manage the rest, thank you."

With a pert nod of her head she stepped aboard. With the slight push-off, given by her dainty foot, the boat drifted into the stream.

Blessington, with calm effrontery, regarded with disdain the cold gleam in her eye. *I* was for jumping for the friendly but distant bank. Then I saw a great enlightenment suddenly flood the countenance of Blessington.

Taking lazy control of the rudder and the motor that was practically between his knees, he started to sing softly and unconcernedly.

"'There was I waiting at the church,
Waiting at the church, waiting at the church,
When I found she'd left me in the lurch
Lord, how it did upset me!'

"Heard that before, mam'selle?" he asked—and winked significantly at me.

"Will you kindly get out of my boat?" asked the lady, flushing. "You exceed your—er—duty entirely."

Now was it or was it not the tinge of conscious guilt?

"You're right. The best man, I know, is supposed to devote his attention entirely to the bridegroom. I'm going to extend my range to the bride! Mam'selle, knowing Hiram P. Sneckertaddy to be an honest if talkative man—as well as the patentee of the best beetle-destroyer on the market—I am going to take you back to the church, where he waits for you at this precise moment!"

To me he whispered: "Observe the pale blue with the pink buttons down the back and the Empire style. It answers to the description."

"Back to the church?" gasped the lady.

"Cert'nly; and you needn't look so deliciously surprised. I know, mam'selle, that you're celebrated as an amateur dramatic young lady; but it doesn't come off with me. You're a passenger for the rest of this voyage."

Our "passenger" looked once at Blessington. I saw her bosom heave. Then she smiled pleasantly.

She took a seat in the stern.

"And what's your name?" she asked.

"Blessington, best man to your fiancé, who's been waiting for you at Brundell Church since twelve. Never heard of me? Well, p'raps not. Personally, you know, *I* don't agree with these three-week engagements." He leaned over confidentially. "Also I begin to think you're a sight too good to throw away on Sneckertaddy."

"Do you?" she asked slowly.

I began to feel that my position as chaperon was tedious.

"It was clever of you to discard the rowing-boat for a motor-boat," said Blessington. "I suppose *he* lent it to you?" he added.

"*He* did," said the lady confidentially.

"How did you think I found *that* out?" asked Blessington triumphantly.

"I'm sure I can't tell."

Blessington moved a cushion in the stern, and showed a name painted on the locker: "George Gaby."

"They all know at home that he's keen on you," said Blessington. "I said all along 'I expect she's eloped with that chap Gaby,' didn't I?" Blessington appealed to me.

"Yes," I lied.

"You're a knowing one, you are," said the vision in blue to Blessington.

It was in this sentence that I first caught the local inflection—and my personal interest vanished. I am not one of those slaves to beauty who think the local accent fetching even when it proceeds from pretty lips. That is why I did not trouble to follow the rest of the conversation.

I remember that we landed in due style at the village, and Blessington conducted the lady, with whom it appeared he had an understanding, to the hostelry that had been fixed for the venue of the wedding breakfast.

"You're sure you're brave enough to tell him?" I heard him say to her.

"Sure."

"Right. Come along."

We found Sneckertaddy, looking far from disappointed, in the old-world entrance-hall, where the sporting prints were.

"Go on; be brave," Blessington whispered. "Remember you're on that dozen of gloves, too—with me."

The lady advanced.

"Mr. Sneckertaddy," said she, clearly, "I don't love you!"

Sneckertaddy looked at her surprised.

Blessington dramatically laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Bear up, old man," said he. "It's better you should know before it's too late. Even the profits accruing from the beetle-destroyer——"

"What darned jest is this?" asked Sneckertaddy, fearfully. "And who is this lady?"

"Well, that's a good 'un," said Blessington. "You ought to know best, surely, considering you've sent search parties all over the river to look for her."

Sneckertaddy resolutely bit the end off a very long cigar.

"I was married to that lady," said he, stiffly, "an hour ago. She'd had a slight accident; she'd fallen right in the river, and got soaked right through to the very—er—. But I was forgetting. You're only a bachelor, aren't you, Mr. Blessington?"

"Then who are *you*, mam'selle?" asked Blessington, bewildered.

"In the village they call me the play-actress," said the vision in blue, meekly.

PICNIC PREPARATIONS.

When a party of men are going on a picnic, they generally manage to over-burden themselves with baggage, and thus spoil their enjoyment in a measure. Here are a few "dont's" that may be useful.

Don't take a hamper. Distribute the food, and so forth, equally among the party. Then a small package will be sufficient for each.

Don't lay your "spread" in a private field. It is very galling to be moved off in the middle of your feed.

Don't sit down to eat by the side of a high road. If you do, crowds of gazing children will materially spoil your meal.

GETTING A LIFT.

There is a sort of freemasonry of the open road in the country which does not show itself in the town. In the town, where everybody is in a hurry or is on the road to make money, the vehicular traffic cannot stop for anything but urgent necessity. Thus it is that the young larrikin is chivied from the back of the tramcar, or the cabby puts the "whip behind" when his rear axle is being clutched by a couple of errand boys.

But in the country it is different, and no man who wants a lift need walk long if he goes the right way to work. From the threshing machine driver to the tradesman's journeyman in his cart, the countrymen on the open road are usually ready to pull up and let you jump on. They are glad of companionship, and they have a sort of friendly feeling for the pedestrian which makes them more than a little kind.

An affable nod and a cheery "Have you room for one?" or "Shall I jump up?" is enough.

The driver does not as a rule stop and ceremoniously say "I shall be most happy to give you a lift." He usually pulls the horse sharply up and pushes part of the rug over to the side of the vehicle on which you will sit, and is off again, without so much as a word.

Then you begin to talk, and the miles roll away behind you. Getting a lift is an easy art to learn.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

-I. RUGBY FOOTBALL.

To a Scotch public schoolboy (so far as there are any public schools in Caledonia) there is only one kind of football—Rugby. For Association he has a supreme, but I now perceive in my advancing years an unjustifiable, contempt.

Merchiston Castle—ancient home of Napier, inventor of logarithms, but much better known, at least to sportsmen, as the tutor of such famous Rugby players as the MacMillans and Neilsons—was the school in which I learned Rugby, and a pretty tough school it was.

Hacking over was still allowed, or anyway winked at, when I was booted into my first scrum. Scragging was legal. A man was not collared until he said "Held" or "Down," and you endeavoured to extort the unwilling confession from his lips by doing your best to wring his neck.

A "maul in goal" was a recognised institution. If you were collared over the line before you could ground the ball, the two of you were flung down on the ground, as if for cock-fighting, with the ball between you, and, each having taken a fair grip on it, each tried to wrest it from the other. I have known a "maul in goal" last twenty minutes.

At practice games members of the first XV. not playing stood outside the scrum armed with knotted boot-laces, which they applied heartily to the hinderpart of any shirker. Skrimshankers were not numerous in those days.

Even to-day you can always tell an old Merchistonian by the way he takes his man low and clean. In the antediluvian days of which I write you had to collar a man by the ankles or draw a map and explain your reasons.

I remember having the honour of being well leathered by Mr. "Judy" MacMillan, one of Merchiston's and Scotland's greatest players, for going high for a man.

I do not think tackling is as good as it was. Certainly, with the development of the passing game it became necessary not only to stop the man, but to prevent his passing the ball. Still, to-day one too often sees both men and ball missed.

Merchiston v. Fettes or Loretto shook the neighbourhood, and Morningside, so to speak, hoisted its flags half-mast high when we were defeated.

I wonder whether Loretto's butcher-supporter still lives to cheer on his "boys." He was a man of gigantic stature, with an equally gigantic voice, and from start to finish of a game he kept up a prolonged roar of "'Retto. 'Ret-to!"

Curious how schools go up and down. In my time our third XV. used to play and whack the first XV.'s of George Watson's College and Edinburgh Academy. Since then, however, these once-despised schools have come into the first rank; while if the Welshmen fear any club, they are inclined to shiver when they turn out against Watsonians or Edinburgh Academicals.

I think I should have got my football cap (a gorgeous thing of dark blue velvet, with a silver cord tassel), but a totally unexpected pass into Sandhurst took me away in the middle of my last term.

I remember when the telegram came announcing my success—I passed 17th out of some 800 competitors—the dear old "Chief" as we called him (the late Dr. J. J. Rogerson) thought it was a mistake or a stupid hoax until the London papers came.

I don't mention my "pass" out of cockiness, but to show that while we ate, drank, and breathed football at Merchiston, education was not neglected. I fear, however, that I have never since made much use of the sound schooling I received, when I wore the dark blue jersey and red stockings of Merchiston Castle.

C. G. BULKLEY.

THINGS THE SWIMMER SHOULD KNOW

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY.

A man is not a finished swimmer when he can keep afloat and make a certain rate of progress through the water. He must learn to feel thoroughly at home in the water, and there are many things that he should know which do not come under the head of swimming proper.

Among the most important of these is the best method of rescuing and resuscitating a drowning person, but as that was dealt with in an article which appeared in these pages a short time ago, I do not propose to deal further with that.

HOW TO MANAGE A BUOY.

Suppose, however, that you have been attacked with cramp or are for some other reason in danger of sinking, and that a life-buoy is thrown to you. Would you know what to do with it?

There are cases on record of life-buoys having actually been the cause of drowning those whom they might have saved, and that simply because they had no idea of the proper way to put them on.

The novice invariably tries to get into the buoy head first by pulling it over his head.

Now, a life-buoy, though it floats very easily, is a prodigious weight out of the water; and the result of the above process is that the head is thrust under water and kept there by the weight of the buoy, for it is impossible to lift it above the surface.

Instead of trying to pull the buoy over the head, grasp it by the two sides as though to lift it. Then duck the head under water and come up again in the centre of the circle, and finally draw the arms up until they rest easily on the sides, and support the body.

A SERIOUS DANGER.

In a rough sea there is always the possibility of the buoy being capsized, so that you are then head downwards and in danger of being drowned in a very short time.

The remedy is to keep the legs together and take a downward stroke as in diving, when the body will slip down and come up again clear of the buoy, which can be re-entered right way up.

Another, and perhaps neater, way of getting into a circular buoy is to place both hands close together on the side nearest you, and then to put all your weight suddenly on that side, so that the other springs out of the water and falls over your head. This, however, requires a little practice, and is not simple enough to recommend it to a drowning person.

A floating oar will support a man very well if he knows how to use it.

THE FLOATING OAR.

The impulse is to grasp it by the middle, in which case it will be practically useless. Seize one end of it and force it under water until you can sit astride of it. This will make the other end rise out of the water and the leverage will support you, while your hands are free to propel you and to maintain your balance.

Or, if preferred, you can hold one end under water with the hands and swim with the legs, and in this way you can keep up for very much longer than you could do unaided.

If you are bathing from a boat, as is often the case at the seaside, never make the mistake of trying to climb in over the side. The stern is the only place at which you can get aboard without running the risk of capsizing the craft.

For the same reason, never dive off the side of a boat. You may be able to dive off the stern with safety, but even this is not to be recommended in a light boat.

If you get entangled in weeds the first thing to do is to turn upon your back, and also turn in the direction of the current. Then swim gently with the back-stroke, or even float passively in the direction of the current.

One can often float out from among ribbon weeds in this way when violent movements in the opposite direction to that in which they are themselves floating would lead to further entanglement.

A FRIEND WANTED.

It is a sound rule to make never to bathe alone if a companion is available. The most expert swimmer is liable to mishaps, and even if he cannot pull you out, the other man's evidence will be useful at the inquest.

JOHN GERVAISE.

A FOOTBALL HINT.

It is just at this time of the year that the Englishman's thoughts begin to turn from cricket to football, and in a short while thousands of men will be again indulging in our winter game.

But a very important fact, which a deplorably large number of footballers ignore, is the foolishness of taking up the game without preliminary training. Suddenly to play two hard "forty-fives," after several months of inaction and possibly irregular living, is simply to court serious accidents. So that before you start footer again, cut down your tobacco a fortnight or so beforehand, and in other ways get into some sort of trim.

WARRANT OFFICERS.

The Army Warrant-Officer is a considerable swell, for he stands on the threshold of commissioned rank, and has some of its privileges.

For example, all non-commissioned officers and men address him as they would an officer, that is they call him "Sir," but they do not salute him. Also he has practically the same privileges as an officer with regard to wearing "mufti."

Army bandmasters, schoolmasters, when not holding honorary commissioned rank, conductors in the Army Ordnance Corps, master gunners, first class, garrison and regimental sergeant-majors, and corporal-majors in the Household Cavalry are all warrant-officers.

In a line regiment the sergeant-major is the senior warrant-officer and ranks above the bandmaster and schoolmaster.

The naval warrant-officer is even more of a "big pot," for he ranks with Army second lieutenants, and has therefore to be saluted by all Army warrant-officers. Chief gunners, chief boatswains, chief carpenters, chief artificer engineers, and chief schoolmasters are naval warrant-officers.

WHEN KITCHENER WILL "CUSS."

"WHERE STRENGTH AVAILS NOT AND CUNNING IS THE MASTER."

Lord Kitchener has taken to golf, and, characteristically, he has taken to it in earnest.

Characteristically, also, he has gone the right way to work, that is, he has engaged a first-class professional to coach him, with the result that he is not likely to get into that bad style which is so fatally easy to acquire and so condemned hard to get rid of.

Nevertheless "K. of K.," masterful man though he be, is not going to have it all his own way. The "wee, white ba'" is going to mock and elude him, more especially when his lordship fails to keep his piercing eye upon it.

Kitchener, the man of iron, is going to wince over cracked and blistered hands, and the better he plays the sorer will his palms be at first. For if he consistently holds his clubs in the right way, the constant pressure and rubbing on the same spot must produce trouble, particularly in the left hand, which for driving especially is the "master hand."

However, Lord Kitchener is not the man to shrink from such heroic remedies for cracked or blistered hands as hot tar or cold whisky, the latter, according to the best medical golfing authorities, to be applied in liberal doses both externally and internally.

One day he will be hitting the pillule far, and low, and straight. The next morning, for no apparent reason, he will not only miss-hit it, but miss it altogether. In this sad state, he would miss a ball the size of a football.

Then the great man will sooner or later have a bad attack of short puttitis. The victim of this fell disease is physically, morally, and mentally incapable of holing a putt of more than six inches.

Weak men tremble visibly when in the grip of puttitis. Lord Kitchener, being a strong man, will control any outward manifestation of his agony. But behind the iron mask, if one could only peep, there would be seen a lion heart turned to water, a magnificent brain temporarily as valuable as porridge, a big physique shaken to its core when confronted by an eighteen inch putt "for the match."

The devilish spirits that haunt the golfer will not spare Herbert Horatio.

Grinning gnomes will invisibly guide his best drive into a rabbit-hole. Elusive elves will puff their cheeks at the ball that is just going to clear the yawning bunkers and thus cause it to falter and to drop into the abyss.

Imps will stretch out clinging arms, seize the ball that was whizzing through the branches and send it hurtling back. Siren mermaids will lure his ball into the sea. Water-babies will clutch a plaything for their ponds and streams.

The particular devil that lurks in whin-bushes and long grass will have his will of the man who brooks no human will opposed to his own.

Lord Kitchener is not human if he does not "say things" when a new half-crown ball sails into the jungle and is lost.

Some humiliations will be spared to Lord Kitchener by reason of his personality.

The golf caddy, at least of the English variety, is a person of colossal impudence, but I cannot imagine even the archetype of him cheeking "K. of K." Heaven help the idiot spectator who speaks on Lord Kitchener's stroke, or in one way or another puts him off it. Surely he will turn to stone under that basilisk gaze.

Some people accuse Lord Kitchener of being inhuman. Golf will test and prove his humanity as nothing else could.

J. PEVERSHAM.

'Kiah.

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

Hezekiah by baptism, but 'Kiah for short, and an honour to be his intimate, I assure you.

'Kiah is a wonder when you get to know him, or so it seems to me, a mere uninitiated townsman, visitor pro tem. in the village of his birth.

He can draw fish out of the local waters by aid of a home-made rod and a penny line ten times to my once, despite my elaborate piscatorial tackle and a measure of skill which at one time I had not thought to be ashamed of.

He knows the call of every bird, the weather we shall have to-morrow, where to dig up the reddest worms, and the weakness of every gamekeeper in the vicinity.

He is a dead shot with a catapult, an inveterate truant, the torment of his parents, and a bully of all humankind smaller and weaker than himself.

He tells lies in abundance, smokes when he can, swears when he shouldn't, and, as should be the case with sportsmen all the world over, he has a particular code of principles of his own which he would die rather than break.

For the rest, he is a sullen-browed, sturdy young urchin of ten, with a tanned skin, a bullet-head, and eyes brown and trusting as those of a dog.

This is a hasty summary and does him no justice; but one must select in dealing with a many-sided character, and it is with 'Kiah the ornithologist that I am especially concerned at present.

We went for a walk together last night, meeting, by prior arrangement, at the end of the lane at the rear of the school a few minutes after half-past four. There was, I knew, anxiety in his heart that he would inadvertently do something for which he would be "kept in"—but no; he was punctual.

He came running along, glancing over his shoulder to see that no one was following, and scrambled over the stile.

"Let's hurry," he said.

He was not satisfied until we had put a couple of turnip fields between us and possible pursuers. Then I drew a few eatables from my jacket pocket, and 'Kiah exclaimed,

"My!"

A period of contented munching, then he asked anxiously,

"Found room for the boxes, ain't yer?"

I patted an inner breast pocket.

"Us'll go up Trimpley and round the Range," mumbled 'Kiah presently. "Best part round here for eggs."

"Right-o," said I.

Trimpley or Timbuctoo; it was all the same to me. With 'Kiah as commander, care has a habit of vanishing.

* * * * * * *

We commenced operations a mile or so further on. It was a wide, secluded lane, with a line of cart-ruts in the middle and gorse-bushes and bramble thickets plenteous on either side. At the base of each edge ran a dry ditch, strewn with last year's leaves; and it was along one of these that 'Kiah with keen eyes searched.

Impossible to narrate the full details of our findings. Eggs of all sorts of birds—linnets, robins, willow wrens, yellow-hammers, sparrows, blackbirds and thrushes—in profusion.

None of these did 'Kiah take. They were "common." But of a skylark's he took a pair, and the detection of a bullfinch's nest, high in a hedge, awoke him to something like enthusiasm.

He assailed the hedge, careless of thorns, while I pushed steadily from behind.

"Nowt in," announced 'Kiah.

Well, better luck further on!

He labouredly explains that he only collects "pairs"; though in the case of specimens of uncommon rarity, he remorselessly "takes the lot." I admire his candour no less than his scientific interest. After all, we rob fowl of their eggs for the pleasure of eating them; and 'Kiah is merely a creature with the ornithological instinct.

Two minutes afterwards 'Kiah waved excitedly, and I was just in time to see a partridge flying low over the hedge, raising an indignant screech as she went.

I hastened up. In a hollow under a low bush was a nest full of eggs, seventeen of them, olive-coloured, and clean and warm looking.

'Kiah held one up to the light, then deliberately broke it. The contents were yellow and curdled.

"Sitting," he said.

He eyed them with disapproval.

"They'm nice in omelets when they'm fresh," he observed, and walked on.

For a time nothing came within the net of our discovery. Then the lane narrowed, and the ditch terminated, and a high bank ran up overhung with trees with ivy round their trunks.

In the second tree 'Kiah found a fly-catcher's nest, neatly hidden in the ivy, with five eggs in it. He took a couple, and we stowed them away in my wadding-lined box.

With a finger he pointed to a wren's higher up.

"The robin and the wren," I reminded him.

"I've got as many as I want," said 'Kiah, "an' you've only got to put a finger in a wren's and he'll desert it."

"I gen'ally finds a meadow-pippit's in this bank," he informed me.

And sure enough he did.

* * * * * * *

One incident of our excursion deserves special mention.

It was when we reached Trimpley, a winding dale with a brook running through it, flanked by stumpy willow trees.

"We got to be careful here," warned 'Kiah, and he indicated a house on the summit of the hill. "A keeper lives there," he explained; and in another moment he added: "There he is—that's him—standin' in the garden."

He appeared to be looking our way. 'Kiah and I strolled unconcernedly on.

Presently 'Kiah got to work again, surreptitiously, always when a clump of bushes screened him from the house. His success was scant, and disappointment made more sullen his brow.

Then a startling thing happened.

From right beneath our feet, as it seemed, a pheasant started up, and whirred off, giving a shrill cry.

A tense little hand grasped mine and pulled me along as though nothing had happened.

"He's watching," hissed 'Kiah.

We covered a few yards, then 'Kiah dropped on the grass in an attitude of rest.

I whispered an inquiry.

"A nest full of 'em," he answered. "I saw 'em, plain as could be."

And sitting up and whistling he watched that gamekeeper, standing in his garden on the hill a good quarter of a mile away, with speculative eyes, playing with a blade of grass.

Ten minutes passed.

Then slowly, imperceptibly, 'Kiah and I worked ourselves in the direction of the pheasant's nest. A slide along for a few inches, a rest, then on again, never forgetting for an instant the suspicious vigil from above.

And at last we reached it.

Thirteen of them! and beneath the very nose of that gamekeeper we put 'em in our pockets.

* * * * * * *

Yes; as 'Kiah had intimated, partridges' or pheasants'—eggs make exceedingly nice omelettes.

AT THE TAILOR'S.

Sometimes you will see two men together, one of whom is dressed in a comparatively cheap suit that is well-cut and looks smart, and the other of whom wears a much more expensive one which does not show him off to advantage.

That is because the latter has simply gone to his tailor and ordered a suit. He has had no definite idea as to its cut or fashion. But the first man has known exactly what he wanted, and has explained this clearly to his sartorial artist.

So that, although his is a much cheaper suit, it looks immeasurably superior.

TOUCHING TYPES.

No; this is not intended to be a pathetic paragraph, but simply a description of various types of borrowers, for the benefit of any readers whose good nature is over-often imposed upon.

First of all there is the breezy borrower. He is a master of the art of bluff. He has got money at home—tons of it—but he is "too dam lazy" to go and fetch it. Lend him half-a-sovereign, and he'll remember you in his will. But that is probably all he will remember you in—and he won't have much to leave.

Then, of course, there is the borrower who plays on your sense of sportsmanship. He shows you a letter from a hanger-on at some racing-stable tipping a horse. It is a snip. Will you lend him a dollar to back it with? You sympathise with his sporting wish to have a flutter and you lend the money, but you do not see it again.

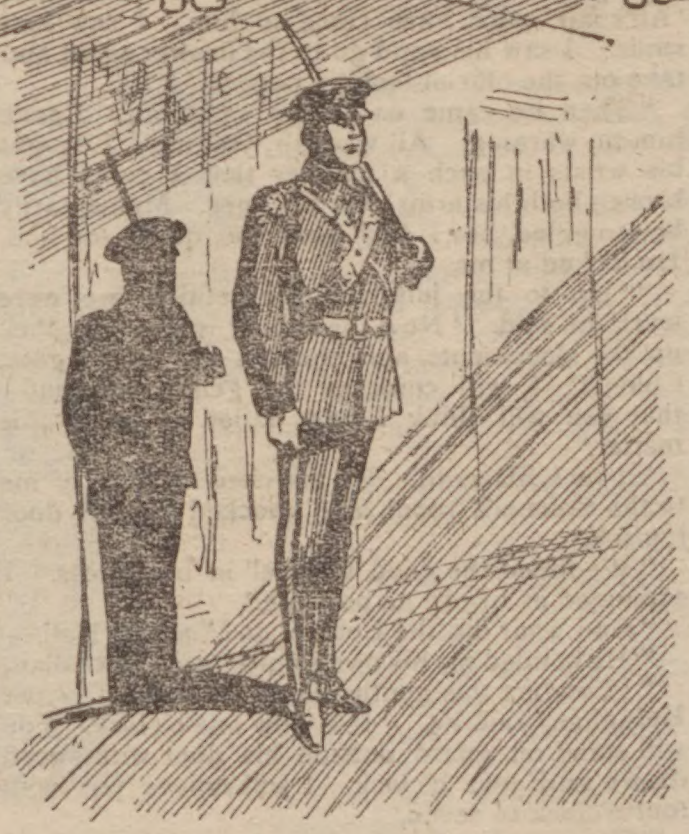
If you are in a theatrical bar, and a blue-chinned, long-haired male biped starts talking to you, calling you "laddie," and working up easily to a statement about the part he is to play the following week, you may know that he is going to touch you. "for may-fare to join the crowd, you know." But don't bite; for this is a worn-out old gag.

Never lend, and you won't go far wrong.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S RUBBER

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.



The summer manœuvres of the Territorial Forces were over, and among the thousands of the right sort who had returned to their respective civilian homes with deep regret was Trooper Kernahan, of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry.

He had missed much of the essential fun of the manœuvres, too, for being a veteran at the game, and, in addition, a useful and tactful man, Devine, now the Major commanding Squadron "B," had swooped on him mercilessly on the first field day, and promptly conferred upon him the position of general aide to himself.

He had met at times Hall, Stephen, Carteret, and Alexander pursuing their lawful vocations with great vigour. He had seen them acting as scouts in the operations of the combined Territorial forces of Blankshire. Spattered up to their necks in rich dyke mud, he had watched them ride past gaily while he, perforce, had to sit, speckless, and listen to the weighty talk of colonels, majors, captains, and officers of the Regulars who, by decree of the authorities, were taking observation of the method in which the Territorials comported themselves in the field.

Attached to the staff as privileged spectators were foreign officers, expressing a burning desire to learn something of our system of voluntary training. Among these was an officer of Uhlans, one Bernenstein, a young man with the ample countenance, the blue eyes, and the light moustache of the Teuton.

It appears that he became very friendly with Trooper Kernahan . . . .

From this point it is necessary to skip the interregnum between the manœuvres, the breaking of camp, and—the county Horse Show of Blankshire.

After all these events, it is to Kernahan, holding forth to Alexander, Stephen, and Carteret in the little shed that formed his harness-room, that we must listen. . . .

* * * * * *

Trooper Stephen toyed listlessly with a burnisher, while Kernahan scientifically rubbed his shoulder-chains between his hands.

"I wondered," said Kernahan, "why this Bernenstein should go out of his way to be friendly with *me* when he had for hosts noble generals and majors with hyphened names, plenty of money, and a penchant for standing champagne to foreign guests ——"

"Did the aide to Major Devine come in for any of that?" asked Stephen, artlessly.

"Aides to majors aren't expected to render an account of their stewardship to plurry troopers," said Kernahan, winking.

"But, here and there, Devine showed a slight recognition of his aide's self-sacrifice, and from the first Bernenstein attached himself to the Major's party. Very often we'd be riding together—the three of us.

"Good fellow? Oh, yes. He had that light, debonair manner of the gay, careless, young soldier that is almost out of fashion now. He took everything laughing, from post and rails to the little jests of the staff, the quiet digs at the Fatherland—given absolutely without offence and in the best of taste.

"Old Devine has done a Cook's Tour up the Rhine (at least I should imagine he has), for he chatted with him about Bonn and Heidelberg no end, making Bernenstein feel perfectly pleased with himself. He made this bond of sympathy the excuse for sticking to us right through the Three Days' War."

"Often saw you blighters laughing and jawing together under the shade of the trees when we were sweltering out in the open," Stephen volunteered.

"That's your way of putting it," said Kernahan, turning his attention to the scabbard of his sword. "You are, by nature, far more of a laggard than our blinkin' drum-horse, Stephen. I can assure you, however, that when I've watched you splashing through duck-ponds and getting half-soused in ditches, I've chanted to myself that once popular rag-time song 'I wish I were you.'"

"Rot," said the languorous Carteret. "I'd have changed with you with pleasure, and I should have made as good a cup-bearer (*aide*, I mean; beg pardon, K.) as you, I'm sure."

"Ah, but Devine don't consider you've learnt how to play soldiers prettily, yet, Willie dear," said Sergeant Hall from the wooden saddle-stand. "It's only these blightin' Kernahans——"

"Who get pushed out of the fun," Trooper Kernahan jumped in. "And I can assure you it wasn't all honey riding with the staff. Probably hunting men every one of 'em, they didn't make détours to avoid the precept of our dear old pal Euclid, who holds that the shortest distance between two given points is a straight line.

"You blighters did 'strategical moves' when you encountered anything a bit big. The staff didn't. Oh, no. We rode bang straight to hounds, flyin' blind places and bullfinches into pasture for all the world as if we were following the Quorn in full cry. And that is how I first opened the little rubber with Bernenstein. . . . Phew!"

Kernahan, with a sigh of satisfaction, desisted from scrubbing away at his now brightly burnished scabbard. He shot the sword into it with the requisite "clank" beloved of sergeant-majors and hung it up by the strap to a wooden peg mechanically. Stephen handed him his cigarette-case, while Carteret struck a match for him. Kernahan hoisted himself up on to the bench, and with his gaze fixed on the smoke wreaths that hung lazily around the lamp, he took up the tale again.

"You see, you chaps, we'd come to a ticklish bit of country on the third day when we were way down the south of our territory."

"I know, thank you," said Carteret, with an appreciative shudder. He was like the lady who always shuddered when she drank whisky, but always managed to get it down.

"Well, it happened that in one field, just behind where the K.O.—(remember?)—were coming in on the left flank to double up the remains of the Invaders, the staff was, metaphorically speaking, left, and the fences were blinkin' mountains, worse than the cut-me-downs.

"All the general staff turned sensibly to open a gate except young Bernenstein, who was dying to show off. There was just a possible place if you didn't mind gettin' your face slashed a bit with the branches.

"With a bit of a laugh Bernenstein puts his horse straight at it and just clears it in rather faulty fashion, incidentally coming off over the nag's head on the other side. But he got up and waved his switch to us—a bit saucily *I* thought.

"Now, Devine and I were bringing up the rear of that cavalcade of the Mighty, and Devine twigged this all. I caught a look from his wise eyes.

"'I'm getting a *leetle* too old,' he said, 'and my horse isn't a jumper. Yours, Kernahan, on the other hand, is——'

"'An old hunter,' said I, and catching his humour I relinquished my position at his side and put old Peacock at the fence—not without misgivings, though, my bonny boys.

"Well, it happened that the trumpets were sounding the charge, and old Peacock's good blood was stirred."

Kernahan's eyes sparkled.

"The delightful old devil (bless him!) topped it clean as a whistle!"

Sergeant Hall brought a heavy hand down on to the wooden saddle-horse.

"Hooray!" he cried gallery-wise. Kernahan bowed mockingly.

"'Well,' said the officer of Uhlans to me, 'that is one to you, Mr. Kernahan. And, now we have left the old gentlemen behind let us get on with the rest, eh?'

"I thought he'd had a necker too much of the liquid gold that morning.

"'Good God, man,' I said, 'where's your boasted English University training come in? What about your duty towards your hosts?'"

Sergeant Hall, in the background, knocked out his pipe.

"Rather severe, K.," he observed. "And from one so young, too!"

"But, my dear fellow, I had to bring him to his senses. . . .

"He relapsed into a little German, and then pulled himself together.

"'I thank you,' he said at last. 'You see an officer of Uhlans is not in the habit of being corrected by a trooper of English Yeomanry.'"

"I returned the slight reflection.

"'It may be,' I said, 'that coming events are casting their shadows before them. It is a saying we have here.'

"He looked at me for a moment, and then with a toss of his head he laughed gaily.

"'We are friends,' he said. 'It is nothing. And we will join the others.'

"Well, whether he'd arrived at this conclusion or not, you can bet *I* was not for hanging behind any longer, the rough edge of our respected major's tongue being nutmeg-grater-like when occasion demands.

"I thought I'd heard the last of the incident when, later on, after all the fighting was over, there arose a discussion about horsemanship, at which young Bernenstein waxed largely pro-Continental.

"'I may be mistaken,' said old General Wilderson in his quiet way, 'but unless it was an optical delusion (from which we are popularly supposed to suffer with regard to our Territorial Forces), I saw a Continental gentleman beaten at his own game to-day by a trooper of the King's Own. Correct me if I am wrong, Devine,' he added.

"Bernenstein looked up surprised. We were proceeding, then, at the walk.

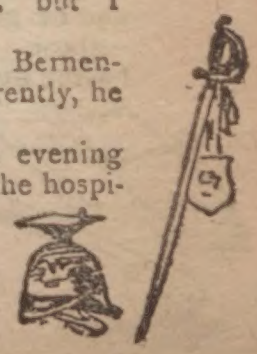
"'I am in a position to confirm that it was no delusion, sir,' laughed Devine. 'If it was not that we were splitting up camp to-morrow, doubtless the Continental gentleman would be given his revenge.'

"Colonel Blenkinsop, who had said nothing up to this point, mumbled something about the Blankshire County Show.

"'If Bernenstein has nothing better to do,' I heard him whisper to Devine . . . but I could not catch the rest.

"Devine leant over in his saddle to Bernenstein and said a few words; also, apparently, he asked a question.

"Well, it did not come out until the evening that Blenkinsop had offered Bernenstein the hospi-



tality of his house during the County Horse Show, then about a month distant and"—Trooper Kernahan smiled with a certain satisfaction—"they did not leave a certain trooper of the K.O.——"

("The beggar who comes in for all the luck," Sergeant Hall grumbled in parenthesis.)

"They did not leave a certain trooper out of it. Of course, the secret of the whole thing was that the Colonel wanted to see us at the jumping business again——"

"I've got the paragraph about *that*. They dismiss you in a very few words, Kerny," said Ca .et, gleefully.

He pulled forth a microscopical piece of a newspaper column and read the description of the open military jumping competition which told how one Captain Bernenstein had just beaten Trooper Kernahan, not by the superiority of his horsemanship, but by reason of the fact that he was better mounted.

"Yes, the brick wall was my undoing," said Kernahan. "The horse of the Colonel's that I rode pecked at it, and finally displaced two or three bricks. Now, old Peacock revels in white bricks. If I'd had him instead of the Colonel's bit o' blood I should have won the—rubber—right off. As it was we stood at game and game. I little knew how the concluding game would be played. . . ."

Trooper Kernahan flicked some ash off his coat on to the speckless Stephen, who cursed somewhat.

"I remember on the evening of my defeat the Colonel at dinner cheered up again under the mellowing influence of some excellent Roederer. After all, he said, it was no use being despondent, and when the coffee and benedictine had followed the rest of the repast he put on a big cigar and spoke largely to us all of the lovely reputation we lived on, Bernenstein being sweeter than molasses and denying everything he said too modestly about our English institutions.

"Thus very skilfully, although we little thought it, he veered the conversation round from the traditional playing-fields of Eton, and the battles won thereon, right back again to the past manœuvres. The Colonel here expanded again.

"'But how do you judge the precise value of the manœuvres?' said Bernenstein—or words to that effect.

"'All the umpires' reports are laid before the General commanding,' said the Colonel, 'and he weighs them all up, seeing not only who has won, but by what margin they have gained the victory; what loss the storming of a certain hill would have entailed—and so on. Those *very* valuable notes are handed over to the officer in charge of the district.'

"'In this case, Colonel Blenkinsop, to *you*,' said Bernenstein, musingly. 'Now, in the charge of the Yeomanry across Potter's Heath after the artillery had theoretically materially damaged the enemy, what was the estimated loss to the Yeomanry, if any?'

"'I can soon tell you,' said the Colonel—and crossed to a desk——"

Sergeant Hall broke in.

"How indiscreet!" said he.

"I don't see that you can put it down to indiscretion," said Kernahan, mildly. "A man expects at least the common decencies of elementary honour from a guest—that was what made it so peculiar that when, some four hours later, I was smoking a last reflective pipe on the verandah, I should see a captain of Uhlans stealing along with a cold chisel in his hand."

"Go on!" said Carteret.

"Well, I stepped into cover behind a creeper-covered flower standard and watched him softly open the glass door of the dining-room that we had not long vacated.

"To open the desk was the work of a moment. Once it seemed that his conscience pricked him, and he put back the documents he had picked out—those documents so valuable to a possible hostile country because they gave such details of the loss or gain consequent on various methods of attack on certain clearly defined positions. I say he put them back. I crept up to the door and saw everything. He stood irresolutely. I watched what I suppose we may term his patriotism fighting against his sense of honour. That old saw, 'All's fair,' must have come to him. I saw him smile. I saw his hand go to the drawer again and take out the official-looking papers.

"Then he came on to the verandah. I gave him no warning. All was fair, you see. I caught his wrists in such a manner that I could have broken both his arms over his knee. Momentarily he struggled, but I had been too quick for him. He looked at me.

"'Up to the jumping competition we were level,' he said. 'Now the rubber is yours! Pick up the documents and conduct me to the good Colonel. I will come as the gentleman that—that you will think I have failed to be in this matter.'

"I took his word. He marched in front of me to the Colonel's room and knocked on the door himself.

"We found the good Colonel in his braces. I explained as briefly as possible."

"And what did the Colonel do?" asked Hall.

"He handed me his own sword," said Kernahan.

"'Conduct this gentleman to his room, Trooper Kernahan,' said he. 'It is now one o'clock. You will stand on guard outside his door with sword drawn until four o'clock. I will relieve you from four o'clock to seven.'

"He turned to Bernenstein then.

"'At seven-thirty, sir,' he said, 'there is a train to London. I shall drive you—my guest—to the station myself.'"

THINGS THAT RAISE OUR SPIRITS.

The sound of the office clock striking the hour to leave off work for the day.

The knowledge that we have our salary untouched in our pocket, and that to-morrow is an "off" day.

The sight of the number going up on the board of a horse we have backed at ten to one.

The thought that we have grappled with and successfully disposed of a task that was distasteful to us.

The anticipation on our way home, hungry, from work, of an especially appetising dinner awaiting us.

The satisfaction of scoring in a business deal over a person who thought he was going to score off us.

THE REMINISCENCE OF SMELLS.

People often talk about the remarkable way in which songs or melodies bring back old and perhaps forgotten associations; but not very many realise the equally real power of smells in this respect.

Have you ever caught yourself casting your thoughts back to the days when you were a very small boy, and when even the A B C had not put in an appearance to depress your infantile spirits? You have; and you wondered perhaps at the time what had made you do so. And the fact did not occur to you that you had happened to catch a whiff of the kind of scent that your mother used in those days.

Perhaps, when strolling through a country lane, kicking, in your stride, the sodden autumn leaves that are strewn on the ground, you happen to think of that tremendous Rugger match you played in your last term at school. Here, again, your sense of smell is probably at the bottom of it. The pungent scent of sodden leaves was in the air when you were playing that game, and when you smell it again your thoughts turn instinctively to that memorable day.

Seated in the smoking carriage of the train that is taking you home from work, you find your thoughts turning to Jones, who last year chucked up City life and went out to Canada. What has made you suddenly think of him? At last you realise that the man next to you is smoking one of the peculiar brand of Algerian cigarettes Jones used to affect.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

YESTERDAY.

The air is stifling; it has no movement. Fumes from scorched creosoted wood drift into the open windows, offending our noses and giving us all a feeling of nausea.

Incessantly the roar of the traffic comes in—a roar in which the occasional spluttering of a motor-car and the repeated "ting" of a 'bus-bell are the chief distinct sounds. All else is a roar of many harsh elements.

The office blinds are drawn low enough to exclude the direct rays of the sun; but for the most part none of us heed sun, or noise, or odours. We have books to balance, letters to write, and the work of a big "house" to conduct.

One of thirty others, I sit on a high stool at a long desk, cut up into sections not unlike miniature loose-boxes. Each box has its electric light, its inkwell, its pen rack, and the other adjuncts to commercial work.

There are subdued, decorous conversations between customers and the fellows in the desks that face the counter. We, however, are the hewers of wood and drawers of small salaries, and we sit in rows behind, and tot our columns of figures.

A stranger entering the place would see two dozen or more neatly-brushed heads with distinct partings in the hair, and now and then a glimpse of an orderly, respectful, decorous, serious-faced clerk in a black coat.

We are very tired of the heat, and yet, for the sake of our colleagues who are away, we are glad it is hot, and for the sakes of some of us who are going away soon, we hope it will last. We are not discontented with our lot.

TO-DAY.

Far away from the possibility of worry, in an unknown village on the Dorset Coast, two men can breathe freely and without suggestion of creosoted wood in the air.

The men are lying lazily on a sloping bank that has hardly reached the dignity of a cliff, and yet gives a view of what seems limitless sea. The sun that suffocated them but yesterday, to-day cannot shine brilliantly enough to bring even a grumble to their lips. They are supremely happy.

Unrecognisable as two men who were yesterday part of the great business machine, to-day they seem to have been specially designed by Providence to take life easily.

They are wearing the easiest of flannels, and now and then as a little stiffer breeze catches the ends of their trousers, one can see socks innocent of suspenders, and an expanse of sturdy hairy shins. They are taking things easily.

Black coats have been left in London, with other things, such as regular hours, fixed meal-times, plans of work, patent-leather boots, and thoughts of trains on the District Railway. All these things are forgotten, or at the worst are merely blurred recollections that neither need trouble about. An hour or two more of this seaside bank and that picture of green and blue water, dotted with sails, will effectually kill all such memories.

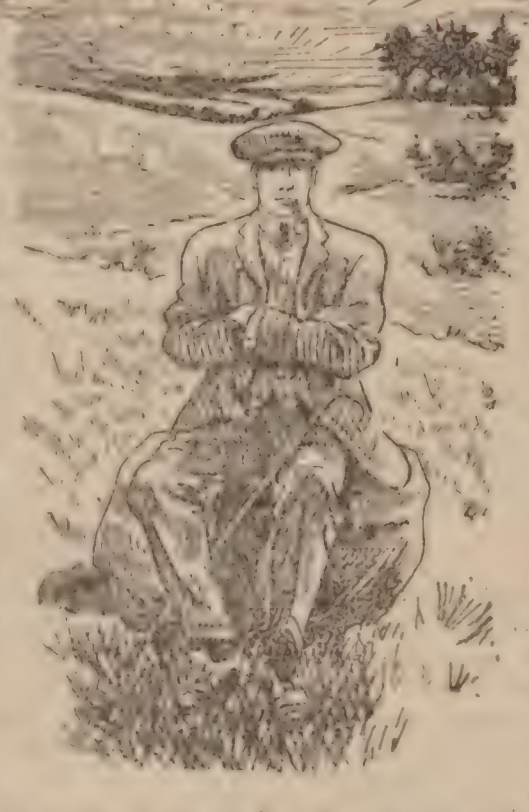
To-day! The day has been waited for in a fever of impatience. To have heard either of these men in easy flannels talking about the coming holiday a week ago, one would have suspected them of some great globe-trotting expedition. But here they are instead, lying on a sunny bank where nobody could possibly discover them.

A look of utter content pervades them as they lazily turn this way and that on their aching elbows to scan the wide sea. For hours they have lain there, talking desultorily, dozing, smoking, getting extremely happy, making no plans that shall rob them of their liberty to be idle potterers.

But even in this atmosphere of rest and warmth the spirit of contest stirs within them. And then, of all things, they begin shying stones against each other for halfpennies.

C. R. LONGHURST.

BETWEEN DAY AND NIGHT.



AFTER SUNSET ON THE LONELY DOWN.

In the midst of a holiday crowded with innumerable engagements, and with its every hour filled with one activity or another, it was hard to break with the whole crowd and go seeking solitude. Yet this is what I did quite recently, and the experience was unforgettable.

One evening the familiar haunts knew me not. The friends had one listener fewer. There was a vacant chair at the dinner that night, and, when I was asked what had happened to me, or where I had been, I could answer, for I knew.

For I had gone off, without care that none should know, and I had made for the hills, just to spend the last hours of daylight in the most beautiful countryside in England.

Leaving the bicycle at home, I had tramped out of the town, and was quickly on one of those tracks that lead from all seaside places right into the seldom-visited hinterland.

Warm and comfortably tired, I reached the top of the down, and, lying where the far views were uninterrupted, I awaited the coming of night.

It was the perfect evening that comes as the fulfilment of a perfect day. The vapours of the valley, drawn out by a scorching sun, had ceased to quiver above the ground, and the valley began to assume that clear-cut stillness that precede darkness.

"THE DAY THAT IS DONE."

Brilliant rays shot up from behind the sky-line where the sun had only just gone down, and I knew that on the sweltering level of the seashore the holiday crowds were beginning to feel the benefit of the cooler air and were walking in greater comfort. The crowded day, it was, in fact, just beginning to awaken for a lazy day on the sands.

Looking down upon it from this distance I could just discern the renewed activity of the front. There were crowds going to and fro, and on the water there were many boats that had already put off with parties bent to get the coolest possible air.

Here, high up, out of sight and mind of the crowds, was coolness and refreshment indeed. In contrast with the crowds below the aged loneliness of the downs was something to touch the mind with a sense of infinite calmness.

WHEN SHADOWS FALL.

And now the evening begins to scatter its shadows over the lowlands. The sunset glow withdraws to a smaller portion of the north-west sky, and the downs become a high and lonely pinnacle of earth as the shadows creep stealthily round to its base and the daylight gives way.

Even the distinctness of the landscape is blotted out, and in its place there rises a glow where the town's lights are gathered and where the merry holiday crowd comes out to take its pleasure.

The evening plain is level, dun, remote, and indistinct; the shadows have made everything uniform. In the intense stillness here I can in imagination hear the strains of the boasted band and watch the gay throngs in summer flannels and airy frocks parading to and fro, absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure. I own that the thought pulls a bit, and I am half inclined to be off to join them.

But the cool upland is entrancing. Across many miles of open pasture there comes a breeze, soft and cool, and laden with the fragrant scents of thousands of downland flowers, distilled by dews and set afloat.

This breath of flowers soon passes and a cooler, damper air comes across the open leagues. The darkness is giving way again, this time to the paler, uninspiriting, yellow, wan light of the rising moon that is lifting above the ancient brow of the hill, round, yellow, and almost stupidly enormous.

It seems to have in its bland face a reflection of the ripeness that is everywhere around me in the earth. Perhaps the next time I shall watch it rise above the hill its face will have the keen, clear brilliance of winter. Anyway, to-night it is the harvest moon, and harvests do not last long, and holidays are few and far between.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

It is time to rise and start for the human town again. As the hours pass, the down seems to be peopled by the spirits of the ancient men who lived and fought on its summit and who are buried in the great mounds that break the level surface of the turf round about.

From the barrows and the tumuli there issue the spirits of old warriors, revisiting the scenes of their exploits in the flesh. I am out of place here at such an hour. The evening has gone, and the night when men should make merry with their kind calls from the brilliantly lighted town on the shore.

Down the track once more, and soon I am back in the midst of a warmer, more sensuous life, glad to be human again, but not regretting the evening apart upon the ancient hill.

C. EASTON-GREY.

IN THE "SUBS'" ROOM.

The student of men and things who would like to see working life at its busiest could not do better than pay a visit to the "subs'" room of a big daily or weekly newspaper—that is, if he can manage to get permission.

It is in the "subs'" room that the real hard work of a paper is done; the reporter's copy is checked with regard to facts, and embellished wherever necessary; items of news are unblushingly "bagged" from other newspapers and inserted in different language as from "Our Special Correspondent."

Here, too, are the tape machines and telegraph instruments, all clicking away with a noise sufficient to drive any ordinary man crazy—but the newspaper "sub" is not an ordinary man. He is a tireless worker, with a foxlike keenness of nose for an inaccurate statement and a ready gift of putting life and sparkle even into the "deadest" copy. Outside the office, nobody dreams of his existence; but, for all that, the paper would be hard up without him and his little blue pencil that does so much.

THE NAME-AND-ADDRESS FIEND.

A PERSON WHO CLOGS THE WHEELS OF LIFE.

Dignity is a splendid thing—when a man has other things besides. But when it is, so to speak, his only social stock-in-trade it is apt to prove anything but useful to its possessor and a perfect nuisance to others.

In the give-and-take of everyday business there is seldom time for ceremonious courtesies.

It is far better to utter a short "Sorry!" or "Pardon!" with an expression that shows the word is prompted by real concern than to enter into needless explanations and apologies on every trivial occasion.

Every decently-constituted man rushes, as it were, to assure another that "it was nothing," or that "it's all right—'twas my fault," when he sees the other is really concerned about the slight injury he has done.

But there are other, and ill-conditioned, creatures who live on a high mound of dignity. They can never unbend, and they demand of inferiors—especially and chiefly inferiors—a degree of subservient attention and consideration which is beyond all proportion to their deserts.

These are the people who are usually name-and-address fiends.

We meet them constantly. Scarcely a day passes without some dreadful slight to the friend's dignity for the avenging of which the name and address of the offender must be taken.

Usually these fiends are talkative, loud-mouthed persons who are under the impression that in buying a penny tram-ticket they are buying the whole of the system, cars, current, and all.

If they do not get immediate answers to their bombastic questions, they fly into a temper and make what they fondly think are cutting remarks. Then, having goaded the unhappy official to a reply, they get further enraged, and talk about "public servants who are paid by the public," and such rubbish, ending with a demand for name and address.

We have all suffered. Only yesterday, in the busiest street in London, I noticed one of these fiends delaying a whole street of traffic while he satisfied his vanity by taking the name and address and number of a 'bus conductor.

The cause of the trouble was quite trivial. The injured man had gone beyond his destination—and blamed the conductor. The conductor had answered that he should have kept his eyes open, or words to that effect.

The result was that a busy 'bus-load of business men and women sat impatiently in the vehicle while the indignant passenger made elaborate notes in a book and looked tremendously serious as well as a great ass.

Self-importance forbids these fiends to indulge in their little exhibitions when there is no audience. Indeed, in the absence of an audience they will even unbend and condescend to talk and even joke with the other man. There is nobody at hand to be impressed.

Much of their monkey-show arises from a desire to appear powerful. The man who is foolish enough to stand and enter endless particulars in a notebook because he has met with someone who will not lick his boots, has a mighty high opinion of himself and a very poor opinion of the common sense of his hearers.

But having shown his "power," he walks off with a satisfied air, throwing over his shoulder a final warning of the coming judgment: "You shall hear of this again."

G. A. CROSBY.

HINTS ON GOALKEEPING

AN ARTICLE FOR FOOTBALL READERS.

Height is generally held to be an advantage to the Association football goalkeeper, and, obviously, great height enables a man to stop or tip over the bar without moving, except to one side or the other, balls that a short man could only get to by jumping, with the chance of being knocked over or losing his balance.

On the other hand, tall goalkeepers often find it difficult to get down in time to low shots, while they are seldom so quick and active on their "pins" as medium-sized men.

BIG AND LITTLE.

W. J. Foulke, of Sheffield United, however, was a notable exception to this rule, for despite his great height and bulk he was as quick as a cat, and particularly clever at scooping out fast grounders. J.W.Sutcliffe, and "Tiny" Macdonald, the Woolwich Arsenal "keeper" last season, are other examples of big goalkeepers. On the other hand, Hardy, England's custodian, Scott of Everton, Lawrence of Newcastle, Ashcroft of Blackburn Rovers, Skene of Fulham, though well-built men, are by no means giants. Still, on the whole, height and bulk are valuable assets in a goalkeeper.

Then he must be quick and clever in gathering the ball. The first-class "goalie" takes the ball in the same manner as a "class" wicket-keeper—that is, he lets his hands give as they clasp the ball.

The ball comes to them, whereas the poor goalkeeper thrusts his hands at the ball and fumbles it.

That is not to say, of course, that the goalkeeper or wicket-keeper should draw his hands back, still less should the former ever step back on taking the ball.

Then the goalkeeper must be a good place and punt kick—a matter mainly of practice. Further, also, he should be able to throw or fist the ball a considerable distance.

NEED FOR NERVES.

Modern goalkeepers are rather apt to neglect throwing and fisting. When the ground is greasy, a man is very apt to slip or miskick when attempting a punt in a hurry, whereas he could, perhaps, quite safely have thrown or fisted the ball away.

A goalkeeper, too, must have strong nerves. Often he will have to run big risks of injury, as, for example, when a forward has the ball right in front of goal, and the "goalie's" only chance of a save is to hurl himself right at the ball and the opponent's foot.

He is, of course, liable to be heavily charged when he has the ball in his possession, and one way and another he is liable to many injuries. His hands indeed are often as much knocked about as those of a county wicket-keeper.

When all is said and done, however, the chief difference between the great and the moderate goalkeeper lies in judgment and anticipation.

The great problem the goalkeeper has to solve is when to run out and when to stay at home.

Suppose the opposing forward has tricked the backs and has a clear course for goal, what is the keeper to do? If he goes out, the forward may easily dribble round him into an empty goal. If he sticks to his post, the forward has practically the whole goal to shoot at from close quarters.

A SOUND RULE.

It is a difficult situation, but a good general rule is never to run out so long as the forward has the ball at his toe. He must kick it forward some time or the other, and then the goalkeeper must instantly judge whether he has a fair chance of getting to the ball before the forward or not, and act accordingly.

Goalkeepers often miss easy shots through being "unsighted," that is, one or more players getting between them and the ball, and thus preventing them from following it.

This, however, is, as a rule, the goalie's own fault, for it is his business from first to last to follow the ball. Especially in the case of corner kicks he should see that he has an unimpeded view.

Some goalkeepers are content to get the ball away anyhow and anywhere; but the "judgmatic" goalie disposes of it to the best advantage, dropping it near an unmarked forward or half-back.

Among other faults that goalkeepers are prone to, perhaps the worst is that of "gallery" play. The keeper of this type makes easy shots difficult by taking them at an awkward angle, using one hand instead of two.

KNOWING HIS MEN.

But the grossest fault of all is holding on to the ball instead of getting rid of it at once. There was a glaring instance of this last season when—well, we won't mention names—a certain League goalkeeper in the last minute of a match had the ball kicked to him from a long distance.

He had ample time to wait till it bounced, but he ran out and tried to gather it brilli... on the half-volley. He was too slow ... the ball bounced over his head into an ... goal.

The first-class goalkeeper makes ... shotseasy by his anticipation. He ... the ball all the time, and by experience ... learns to know the sort of shot to ex... when a particular manœuvre is executed ... the other side.

MAKING SURE OF IT.

He gets to know the shooting methods ... the players, and whether to expect a ... rising shot or a deceptive, low one.

He always tries to get right behind the ball ... so that if it slips through his fingers his body ... will stop it. Similarly when he goes down ... a ball he gets behind it and keeps his ... together as a second line of defence.

He is a past-master in the art of covering up his goal so as to leave the narrowest possible open space for the forward to shoot at.

Finally, he watches the ball just as closely when it is at the other end of the field as when it is in his own half, and he turns a deaf ear to the compliments and curses of the spectators behind his charge.

J. W. MUNRO.

WASTERS.

Every man whose composition has ... decency in it sympathises with the man ... is "down," the genuine unfortunate; but ... is safe to say that he lavishes but little ... pathy on the "waster."

Some men are born into this world to ... big things, some to do little ones, and others ... to do none at all. These latter are wasters. If a man is a waster he will do no good, no matter what chances and inducements are put in his way at the outset of his career.

Very often you will see an unkempt wretch squatting on the bare pavement of a London street alongside some quite good drawing. He was probably intended by fond parents to be a great artist, but he turned out a waster.

In many a billiard-room you will find a bleary, red-faced old ruffian, who, despite his drink-sodden condition, still stands as straight as a dart, and talks like a gentleman. He is, sad to say it, but he is an old Army officer. Sometimes he thinks miserably of the chances he has lost—and then he calls for another whisky. The retired Service "waster" is the saddest type of all.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

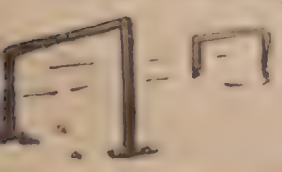
I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual Size)



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

WHEN BLOOD IS UP

by PHILIP HARDY.

A quiet-looking man, thin- pped and keen-eyed, leaned gainst the sun-blistered boarding on one side of e Willeshall Pit-mouth.

ands were bronzed every whit as much as those of the shirt-sleeved gangers who glanced up at him suspiciously when they paused for a moment ... handle and mop the sweat from their ... there was a difference. His was the tan of ... Englishman, not of the navvy.

... a new shaft?" said he, in that deep- ... mellow voice of the cultured classes of ... that invariably either riles or controls ... countryman. There was that in- ... lack-a-daisical air about him that ... almost a tradition among men of his ...

... sir," replied the master ganger, for some ... or other rendered unusually loquacious in ... of himself. "We're putting in a two-ton ... rod. She'll be going down in a minute."

Showing some feeble signs of interest, the stranger approached the pit-mouth and peered into the inky blackness far below, listening carelessly meanwhile to the further explanations of the master man, who was telling him that three men were already down there somewhere waiting for the rod to be lowered, and that one of them was "Bill the Bruiser," the champion boxer whereabouts.

Then he stood back a bit, while the giant ... wheel got to work and the huge ... of metal quivered and swayed over the abyss.

Only for a little, however. The next moment there was a whirring crash. The chain had ... off the wheel and the heavy burden at- ... to it had fallen to the bottom with a deep ... booming sound that became louder and ... till it at last died away in an indistinct ... rumble.

The men of the surface gang stood stock-still and horror-stricken.

But not so the onlooker. In a moment he had ... what had happened.

"Come on, you chaps," he roared—the non- ... air of boredom and masterly inactivity was ... now. "Put that bucket on the driving ... again. I'm going down."

The gangers, catching some of the infection of ... presence of mind, lost no time about it. The ... "hoppit" was re-tackled, and seizing a miner's ... with a lamp attached to it, and hastily cram- ... it on his head, the stranger took his place in the bucket.

"One pull to stop, two to be pulled up, three to ... away," yelled the master ganger after him.

The stranger gave a little nod of assent, settled himself more securely in the "hoppit," set his ... firmly, and began to descend.

And now the inky impenetrable blackness of the shaft closed around him. The little circle of light at the top grew smaller and smaller. The sense of gloom was almost nauseating in its intensity.

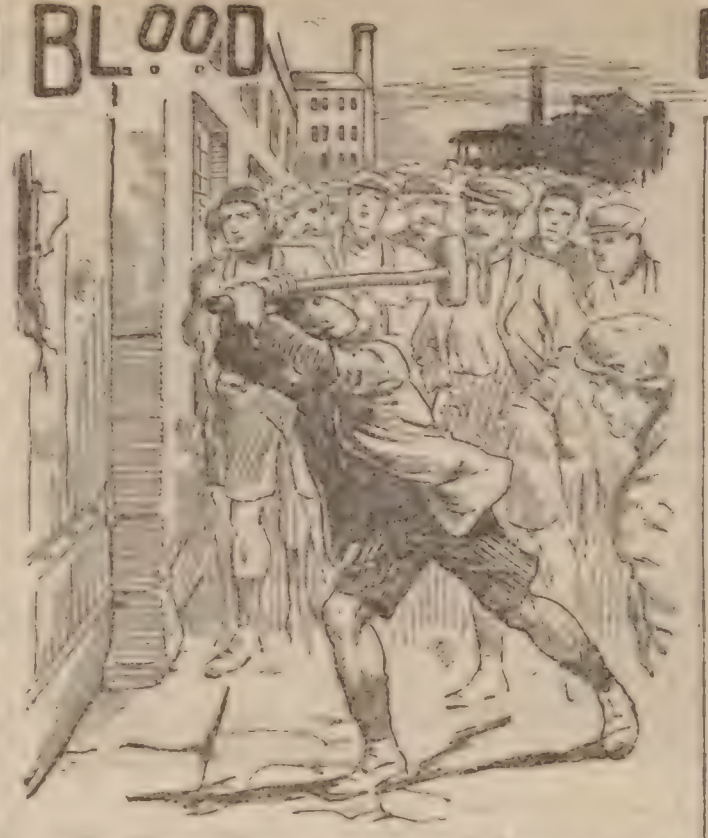
With one arm passed round the chain he leaned over the side of the "hoppit" and shouted.

His voice, echoing against the sides of the pit, came back to him with redoubled clamour that was weird and uncanny, and almost deafening. Then there was silence.

He listened carefully, and strained his ears to the utmost, but the only sound was the light dropping of sand or pebbles far into the water below.

... what was that? A feeble cry, almost ... in its plaintiveness, seemed to come ... somewhere close beside him. The next ... there was the splash of water, and right ... against the side of the "hoppit"—by this time ... the full extent of the chain's tether—a big, bullet-headed man appeared, white-faced, grim and scared, splashed with mud and sweat.

"Thank God, you've come, mate," he muttered



in the deep, grating, husky guttural of the Yorkshireman when under strong emotion. "That was a stunner, and no mistake."

"Are the rest of you there?" said the rescuer, peering forward as well as he could in the light made by the lamp's feeble ray.

"Yes; all three on us, and none the worse for it 'cept poor old Tom, who must ha' knocked his head as he fell," was the reply.

He was standing up to his waist in water and supporting what appeared to be the lifeless body of another man. A few convulsive kicks and a groan of pain, however, showed he was not dead.

"T' old rod come down here a reg'lar wallop," continued the bullet-headed one. "But it just managed to skerry past us about a foot or so, on'y knockin' us aht o' t' hoppit. I 'speck Tom must ha' been knocked by a bit o' some'at."

Without further parleying the stranger hauled the two men, and another who now appeared out of the gloom, into the bucket, and gave the signal by pulling the rope. The next minute found them all being hauled up towards the surface.

"An' who may you be, guv'nor?" said the husky-voiced and foremost giant, as they neared the top and the daylight fell on the stranger's face, cool and debonair as ever now that the danger was over. "Never seed you afore that I knows on."

"Never mind, so long as you see me now," was the reply given, with a slightly grim sardonical humour. He lightly stroked and twirled his moustache with an outrageous calmness that was absolutely sphinx-like.

Nor was more information forthcoming when they finally reached the top and cheers and handshakes welcomed them. The tweed-clad stranger gave a slight shrug of his shoulders and contrived to get on the edge of the crowd as soon as possible. Then, with a *sang-froid* that a victorious prime minister might have envied, he strode to the place where he had left his bicycle standing, jumped on and rode off as though the task of rescuing imprisoned miners was the most everyday thing in the world.

"Ma gom! But he's a good plucked 'un and no mistake," said the brawny Hercules, who had done all the talking and had been hailed as "Good ol' Bill" or the "Bruiser" indiscriminately. "If it hadn't 'a been for him we poor beggars might a been cooped down there now.

"An' don't you forgit it," he continued fiercely, glancing round on the crowd with an unusually choleric eye. "It's a pity as som'one couldn't a got his name. He's a man as it 'ud be a credit for us to know."

* * * * * * *

It was six months later. Rumours that the largest cotton mill in the district had become the property of a Londoner whom no one knew anything about were now acknowledged facts.

The few things that had filtered through concerning the changes that would be made were disconcerting enough for the operatives. New machinery was to be introduced and men would be thrown out of work. Where two men had been required before, only one would be necessary in the future.

"All give an' no take. That's what we may expect when he comes along," said the union men one and all. "It'll be a fair knock out for some of us if we don't look out for ourselves."

The usual "agitators," who always appear as if by magic on occasions such as this, were not long in getting to work, and on the day when the new owner was to inaugurate his new *régime* a strike was declared.

"I'd smash the damned place up, an' teach 'im a lesson," said a beery-looking individual of the red-tied persuasion. "What right has a Londoner to come an' take the bread out o' honest men's mouths? A set of thieves and blackguards I call 'em." His honest mouth got thirsty at the very thought of it, and he had to retire to peace and refreshment at the nearest public-house.

Wisdom is not a crowd's characteristic. The suggestion was no sooner made than it was brought forward to be acted upon.

The very suddenness of the attack was the best augury for its success. Only a few constables—raw, Yorkshire youths who had recently joined the local force—had been told off on picket duty, and as soon as the mob of all sorts and conditions of people had gathered outside the factory premises and had shown signs of unmistakable hostility, these guardians of the law took refuge within the yard.

One could hardly blame them for doing so if they had any regard for their safety. The ordinary mill hands had been augmented by the "fighting spirits" of the whole neighbourhood, and included a strong contingent of miners from Willeshall Pit.

Foremost among them were the three who had been all but trapped in the pump-rod disaster, and very much the master spirit of them was the lusty "Bill" or the "Bruiser"

In the midst of the crowd his bullet head appeared over all the others, and his voice, uttering such volleys of expletives as only a Yorkshire miner is capable of, boomed out like a cannon.

"Coom on lads, if ye want to see some fun," he shouted. "They don't call me 'Fighting Bill' for nothing, I reckon. Let's go and smash the whole darn show!"

"Well played, Bill," returned the crowd. They applauded him now as strenuously and in much the same spirit as they had done often before in a League match, or on the celebrated occasion when he had knocked Jake Hanson out of time.

"Go it, Bill! Show us the way! We'll back you up!" yelled the sporting element. And thus encouraged, the valiant Bill strode forward to do battle. He was armed with a sledge-hammer that he had picked up, and, swinging it lightly to and fro as though it had been a toy, looked, as indeed he was, a veritable Hercules.

Spitting on his hands in workmanlike style, he squared his shoulders and, setting out at a run, "made" for a small and padlocked gate, smashing it with one huge blow as easily as if it had been matchwood.

A roar of delight from the crowd. Then, seeing two helmeted policemen standing a little way within the aperture, the giant threw down his hammer, and, dashing forward, let drive his fists right and left in quick succession in the faces of the two guardians of the law.

Head over heels, with a wild, delighted, deep-throated roar, the mob of strikers poured in through the narrow passage after him.

It was impossible to withstand them. The few remaining police and clerks in the yard fled incontinently towards the door of the counting-house in the rear.

They had not taken refuge a moment too soon.

"Come on! settle 'em!" roared Bill the Bruiser.

As one man the mob followed him, hurling all manner of threats and execrations against everyone in general and no one in particular.

Then a strange thing happened.

Through the polished mahogany and half-glazed doors a man appeared suddenly, and very quietly.

He was dressed in a well-cut dinner-jacket and black tie, and strolled along quite unconcernedly smoking a cigarette. It would have been impossible to imagine a man more calmly dignified and unimpassioned. His dress and manner showed the Englishman at his best.

He stayed a moment to say a word or two to the little band of cowed people in the outer office, then quietly came forward on to the verandah and looked out and over the heads of the crowd of hooting and excited ruffians outside.

At the sight of him the mob and the leader stood stock-still for a moment. Then, "that's him!" said a voice in the rear proceeding from a red-faced and perspiring "agitator," who, thinking apparently there was safety in numbers, had exposed his precious body to the perils of the crowd's onset. "Knock the beggar down. Go it, Bill. Show him what Yorkshire's made of."

But Bill stood irresolute. He looked at the man standing a few feet above him, and seemed to measure him up from top to bottom. Then in a moment he wheeled round sharply and faced his followers, who, crushed from behind, came tearing on.

Like a flash his right shot out and the foremost of them went down with his head nearly knocked from his shoulders. Smack with the other fist, and the second was sent reeling blindly back. A dozen or more behind him, unable to stop in time, fell over the two who were down, and rolled in a heap upon the ground, tripping up others in turn.

Those immediately behind were crushed against them, and, unable to make out what was the matter, were forced to halt in sheer bewilderment. Without a word of explanation, Bill the Bruiser dashed in among them, hitting to right and left with a fury carrying all before it.

Men went down like ninepins, and in two great waves the crowd parted before his onset. Those who were near him ducked and stumbled out of arm's reach and trampled and knocked down those behind.

Then in Bill's wake, out poured the police and clerks, some of them armed with guns and revolvers.

The very sight of fire-arms was sufficient to complete the demoralisation of the mob. "Back out, lads. They've got guns," yelled a voice, and in a moment absolute panic prevailed. Like a flock of sheep the strikers stampeded out of action.

The big gates that had been thrown open to admit the main body soon allowed them to get into the street. But here, as soon as they appeared, a fresh body of police came up at the double with drawn truncheons. In a few seconds the street was cleared, and, skulking in by-ways and making off as fast as they could, the whole rabble melted away.

* * * * * * *

Inside the gates the yard was cleared of all save its defenders, who now included Bill.

He was leaning against the wall of the counting-house half-dazed, and the man in the dinner jacket sauntered up to him, and shook hands.

"You're the man who has carried the day," said he. "What's the explanation of your sudden right-about?"

Bill looked at him intently for a moment or two.

"'Member the 'sump' at Willeshall last summer?" he said.

"I reckon if I'm here to-day you've got yourself to thank for it. I saw you just in time, mister.

"If ye hadn't 'a been who ye was, and hadn't coom up them steps looking so cool-like, me blood was up, an' I should ha' wrecked your mill as sure as fate."

THE UNSEEN

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither.

—WORDSWORTH.

It is well to remember sometimes that human powers are limited. The powers of the body are limited, the powers of the mind are limited, and the simple difference is that the mind has a wider range.

Thus a man will take days to walk from London to Liverpool, but he can project his mind to the antipodes in a second. Again a man on a liner in mid-Atlantic sees the horizon encompassed by water, but he would not say that because his physical vision could not see aught but water, land did not exist.

Similarly, on the ocean of thought the mind is bounded by the Unseen, and only a fool would deny that there is Something beyond.

A proof of the limited mind of man is that the scientific discovery of to-day contradicts the scientific discovery of yesterday. Now, if there is one thing we know of the Unseen it is that it never contradicts itself. The power which spins the earth on its axis does not alter its mind occasionally and spin it the other way.

INQUIRY AND OBEDIENCE.

Immutability is the law of the universe; that we know also. Law is invisible in its origin, but visible in its action. What is not generally known, however, is that the effort of man to trace that action to its origin is precisely equivalent to a river endeavouring to reverse its stream and flow back to the place where it sprang from.

Man was not made to inquire, but to obey.

To submit oneself to the influence of the Unseen, and to be content to work within fixed limits is to display wisdom and to fit oneself for efficiency. A mood of doubt is always a mood of weakness. Men who act do not question. The ready to obey are the capable to command. In the Unseen exists a directing force which is potent to achieve the best for a man. Acceptance of it allows that force to work without harm to the individual. Let him oppose it and it will surely crush him.

THE SOUL IN NATURE.

It is here that we begin to see that helplessness is only created by folly. There is often a sense of helplessness in the heart of man which he is quick to ascribe to the mighty pitilessness of Nature. This, however, only arises from ignorance.

There is a soul in Nature the same as there is a soul in human beings. When two men are friends their souls are in sympathy.. It is possible to be in sympathy with the soul in Nature. It is to be done by association and intimate converse. It is to be done by [illegible] ever *conscious* of the power of the [illegible]

But consciousness of the Unseen [illegible] matter of choice. If a man chooses to [illegible] down a road with his eyes shut, he can [illegible] so, though he will probably collide with a lamp-post or tumble into a ditch. He is refusing to use a faculty which is his by right.

THE STRENGTH OF HEROES.

Consciousness of the Unseen is the [illegible] spirit of religion, no matter what [illegible] religion may take. The form may vary [illegible] race and environment, but the spirit is the same. When it dies, the religion dies.

Who shall say that the Christian faith [illegible] day is not languishing for the [illegible] consciousness of the Unseen? That [illegible] come to a negligible quantity in [illegible] ence on affairs cannot at least be [illegible] is our boast that we are a Christian [illegible] The value of a nation, as of a man, [illegible] to be judged by the character of its religion. If we lose that spirit which strengthened the hearts of our Drakes and Wellingtons and Nelsons we lose our vitality also.

For God and country! It is not an empty phrase—or should not be. It rings with the pride of patriotism, it is instinct with dependence on the God who works through the Unseen; it asks for a right cause.

A DUTY FOR ALL.

Let us not deceive ourselves. We shall not emerge unbroken from the world-conflict which hourly draws nearer, unless in the individual souls of Englishmen reawakens the consciousness of the Unseen, that [illegible] resistless force which has only to be [illegible] as ally for victory to be assured.

It rests with the ploughboy no less than the Statesman, the clerk no less than the Admiral of the Fleet. It is the heritage of everybody, a gift waiting to be taken up. No education is necessary, no special [illegible] The soul of the Unseen permeates [illegible] all. It generates a fearless calm, [illegible] faith, unswerving patience. Every [illegible] place incident, whether viewed in city or country, provides a clue to it. The [illegible] leaves, the dust of roads, wind blowing in the street, the procession of clouds in the sky, men walking, children playing—all these bear witness to the workings of the laws of the Unseen.

Imagine your feelings if suddenly the commonplace were changed—if grass turned red, if the tide refused to recede, if ants became elephantine. What is that in the Psalms about the mountains skipping like rams and the little hills like young sheep?

If these things happened, you would [illegible] your hands in terror to—the Unseen!

A. G.

MODERN LITERATURE.

The man who habitually spends a [illegible] portion of his leisure hours in reading books and who has not the sublimely lofty mind that looks down upon novels, must be aware that as regards fiction English writers of the present day do not occupy nearly so high a level as they did a generation or so ago.

In the matter of novels to-day, just as the matter of stage plays, we are labouring under the undesirable vogue of the "problem." Modern fiction is apparently intended to appeal to prurient females rather than to men; and let us hope that the day may not be far distant when authors will begin once more to write for the healthy rather than for the unwholesome taste.

At any rate, THE MODERN MAN will take the lead.

HOW TO BECOME A VETERINARY SURGEON

CAREER THAT SHOULD APPEAL TO THE SPORTSMAN AND ANIMAL LOVER.

A profession which has much to recommend it especially to the lover of animals, and of which very little is known by the general public is that of the "vet."

It is not very long since anyone who chose could call himself a veterinary surgeon, but for the last twenty-eight years a proper training and qualification have been necessary by law.

It is only reasonable that this should be so. The man of whom we demand high qualifications, great knowledge, has only the peculiarities of one species of animal—the human one—to study and to deal with. The "vet." is expected to be able to treat a dog or a pig just as much as a horse or a cat, and all these animals have their own peculiar diseases to which they are subject, and each is differently constituted in structure.

THE TASK

The would-be veterinary surgeon, therefore, knows the task before him when he sets out to gain the knowledge which shall entitle him to practise, and it is small wonder that many students enter the veterinary colleges at the comparatively early age of sixteen.

There is only one body in the United Kingdom which is licensed to grant diplomas in veterinary surgery, and that is the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Any man who has passed the four examinations (known as A, B, C, and D) of the College has the proud honour of writing M.R.C.V.S. after his name, and can begin to practise forthwith. A further examination and practical experience are required before the higher degree of F.R.C.V.S. conferred by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons can be obtained.

THE EXAMINATIONS.

Before taking the "A" examination of the College, however, the student must have spent at least a year at a veterinary college, and unless he holds one of the certificates recognised as exempting him, he must pass the Preliminary Examination conducted by the College of Preceptors or by the Educational Institute of Scotland. The candidate is required to pass in English, Latin, Mathematics, and one other optional subject—either Greek or a modern language other than Latin.

The Preliminary should be finished with before the more practical work at a college is begun.

There are only two veterinary colleges in London at which the complete course can be taken, and these are the Royal Veterinary College in Great College Street, Camden Town; and the New Veterinary College at Liverpool, which was recently transferred from Edinburgh.

In Scotland there are colleges in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The course of study at a veterinary college occupies four years, and the fees vary. They are highest in London, the Camden Town College charging £84, while examination and registration fees amount to another £21, and books and instruments cost about £25. In addition to this there is the cost of living if the student is obliged to be away from home, which cannot be set down at anything under £100 a year.

Students of Scottish birth or extraction, and under certain conditions get their fees paid for them by the Carnegie Trustees.

The prospects of the profession, when one has at last earned the right to practise, are necessarily dependent on the ability of the "vet," on the neighbourhood in which he obtains a practice, and to a great extent it must be admitted, on luck. I know at least one capable and fully qualified young veterinary surgeon who finds it very difficult to make more than £3 a week by private practice.

But there are other fields open to the "vet." One of these is the Army Veterinary Corps.

IN THE ARMY.

The Army "vet" is a commissioned officer who starts as a full lieutenant at a salary of £250 a year. Candidates must be between 21 and 27 and unmarried. They must be suitable in every way to hold commissions and must have obtained the M.R.C.V.S. diploma.

If on applying to the Under-Secretary of State, at the War Office, their application is considered, they have to go through the ordeal of an interview with the Director-General of the Veterinary Department, and of an examination in technical subjects.

If they come out of this successfully, a course of six months at Aldershot follows, and finally six months on probation as veterinary officers.

This ended, the candidate is a full-fledged Veterinary-Lieutenant and may be attached to a regiment or posted to some special duty, and in time will follow promotion, increased pay and a pension on retirement.

The Territorial Force also has its Army Veterinary Corps, and its members are attached to mounted regiments during training, thus gaining useful experience and a good holiday, and getting handsomely paid the while.

SOME OTHER POSTS.

Another career is offered by the Indian Civil Veterinary Department, of which the officers perform or supervise all veterinary work in India, except that of the Army, but are debarred from private practice.

They are responsible among other things for educational work in Indian Veterinary colleges, for the breeding of horses, mules, and cattle, and for the treatment and prevention of cattle diseases.

Other posts that are eagerly sought after are those of consulting surgeons to cab and omnibus companies, and other large firms which use a great number of horses, and there are good openings in the Colonies.

C. WATSON.

THE CREDIT BOOKIE.

HOW HE OFTEN SWINDLES HIS CLIENTS.

It is early morning. You have just sat down to breakfast. Enter your landlady with a small bundle of letters for you. Most of the handwritings you recognise, but one missive is strange to you—strange, and a little suspicious. You open it, and a small selection of miscellaneous literature flutters out.

There are one or two "Investment Forms" for telegraph purposes, a list of "forthcoming events" with prices, various addressed envelopes, and a "schedule of terms and rules."

Your correspondent is a credit bookie.

His letter, after mentioning that your well-deserved reputation as a sportsman has easily come within his ken, offers to open a credit account at a maximum of £10 a week, "on approved sporting references," or to open a deposit account, to any amount without any such formality.

But you will be well advised to have nothing to do with him.

In the first place, none of the reputable credit bookmakers circularise people. They are well-known for honesty and fair dealing, and can thus command all the patronage they require. But the "crook," whose object is to take all he can and pay out as little as possible, secures, first of all, the old address books of firms that have gone into liquidation, and, at the same time, compiles a goodly list of names and addresses from the "Correspondence columns" of newspapers and other similar sources.

Beware of making a money deposit to any such "commission agent." You will never see any of it back. Say, for instance, that you are lucky enough to back a winner. On "settling day," generally a Monday or a Friday, you will hear nothing from your bookie; and, after waiting for a day or two, you will write or call. Then you will hear with some surprise that he cannot pay out, because you cannot clearly establish the fact that *he received* your instructions prior to the time of the race.

You probably telephoned or wired half an hour or so before the time, and owing to delay on the part of the post-office officials, the wire was stamped and delivered some little time later. But if you can actually place irrefutable facts before him, he will temporise, promising you a cheque in due course; and one fine morning you will find that he has decamped—to start under a new name at another address.

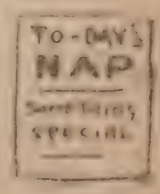
Many fraudulent bookmakers make a special point of ascertaining the name of your employer. Then, when your luck is in for a while, and instead of happily taking your money every week, it is their turn to hand some over, they begin to bluster, and hint that if you think they are not playing fair, perhaps "your boss" might be the best arbitrator in the matter.

It is very little use your threatening to report them to Tattersall's Committee, for they are in no fear of it. Being "posted" does not frighten them, for their clients, as a general rule, are only small investors and too inexperienced to make any inquiry into their antecedents.

A particularly impudent dodge is to combine the business of "tipster" with that of bookmaker. That is to say, the bookie, *in return for a small weekly sum*, offers to send you any "good thing" he may know.

The object of this is to save him from paying out. Say, for instance, that you are winning "on the week." Well, on the last day, you may receive a palpitating communication advising you to put your shirt on so-and-so, a "cert," a "snip," a real "job." So you put on all, or the greater part, of what you have won—and so-and-so finishes down the course.

J. D. PETERKIN.



CUB-HUNTING.

HOW IT DIFFERS FROM HUNTING PROPER.

It is a glorious morning in the first week in September, the air is fresh and the weather dry. Just the right condition for our purpose, for we are going cub-hunting. We are lucky that ours is a grass and woodland county, for we need wait no longer to rehearse our young hounds for the more serious work in the winter; whereas in plough counties a start cannot be made until all the corn is carried.

The meet has been fixed for a very early hour, because cub-hunting, though, perhaps, not so wildly exciting as fox-hunting proper, is a far more delicate business in many ways owing to the youth and inexperience of the hounds. So the fewer people there are out, the better will be the work done.

We start; and in the clear air of the morning we revel in the loud-throated melody that goes up during the first ten minutes that hounds are running. The master watches them with the keenest interest, and rejoices to see how their preliminary bewilderment and indecision give place, by degrees, to some of the dash and resource that belong to the trained hound.

Now for a word about the purpose and general procedure of cub-hunting. Its object is to "blood and enter," as it is called, the young hounds, in order that the whole pack may be "steady" when the fox-hunting season starts in earnest in November.

During the month of September the work is confined chiefly to big woods, where there are likely to be strong litters of cubs.

A good master will never let his hounds "go away," or run over the open country, until they have learned to use their noses. If he did, the deplorable result would be several young hounds left behind and ridden over, and the contraction of many shocking bad habits on the part of the whole pack.

But with the advance of the autumn, and the advent of October, the smaller coverts will have to be visited, and by this time, after the drilling they have been given in the confinement of the large woods, the hounds will probably be "hardy" enough to be "let go."

A good gallop after a cub over open country will be an enjoyable change for them.

But here there is a great point to remember. Whenever it is possible to prevent it, a kill should never be made in a small covert, for if this happens it will not "hold" again—*i.e.*, contain any vulpine tenants, until well after Christmas, thus considerably spoiling sport in that neighbourhood.

A word to those, other than the master and his satellites, who are taking part in cub-hunting without much previous experience, may not be out of place.

Unlike fox-hunting proper, everything should be done in comparative silence.

Noise of whatever kind, cracking whips, hallooing, or viewing over the rides, is not only not wanted but detrimental to good work. The hounds are young and untrained, and any noise will distract their attention from the work in hand. Every sportsman, therefore, will doubtless repress any natural impulse to "blow off his steam" by hallooing and so on. The huntsman's cheer is the only sound of its kind that should be heard.

With regard to the most suitable season for cub-hunting, it is generally recognised by experts that dry weather is preferable to wet; for although in a time of drought scent will fail a little in the open, still in a wet season the coverts are dank and rain-soaked and the scent is seldom good.

Cub-hunting, too, is a first-rate training for a young master. Not only does it give him an intimate knowledge of his pack, but by long acquaintanceship the hounds will recognise and obey him, and carry him through many difficulties where without it they would be at a loss.

C. B. A. GRAIN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

OUTDOOR LIFE. It is noticeable at the present moment how many of the men you meet in the streets of London have their faces tanned like country-men.

The tanned face is always a pleasant thing to look at, because it is invariably accompanied by bright eyes.

These sunburnt men have just returned from their holiday, and the tan, alas! will soon disappear, but meantime it is good to look upon in more ways than one.

I doubt very much whether anyone could feel genuinely annoyed with a man who is sunburnt.

Somehow, he seems, during his holiday in the open air, to have gained a fuller sense of proportion. He discusses business as intelligently and as enthusiastically as he did before he left for his holiday, but you do not now find in his manner that eager, almost timid, note that you found before. Fear has largely left him. He has learnt that the whole of life is not summed up in the daily work of the counting-house and the shop.

The untanned townsman, speaking to him, realises these things, without putting them into words, and he also begins to understand that there is in the outdoor life something wider and truer than in the life of the town.

That is why I like so much to meet the sunburnt man. A month hence he will be as white in the face as ever, but, though the tan leaves his cheeks, the memory of the place where he acquired it will remain in his heart and will sweeten his outlook on men and things.

In the course of my everyday business I meet men of all types, and some of them are misanthropes. If any of them asked me—which they never do—to supply them with a cure for their particular malady, I should suggest a week spent in the open air. There is something about the open air that banishes meanness and pettiness of all kinds.

THE CHIEF REASON FOR BEING A TERRITORIAL. I dealt at great length last week with the reasons why the Territorial Force has failed to come up to the expectations of its well-wishers. I showed that the chief reason is the opposition that has all along been given to this force by the authorities at the War Office, and I am glad to say that my view is now being shared by practically every newspaper in London.

Those of us who are Territorials hope and trust that the wire-pullers in Whitehall will be forced by public opinion to give the Territorial Force the fair chance which the enthusism of its members deserves.

Still there remains with many of us a feeling that, in devoting our leisure to Territorial work, we are to some extent doing little more than marking time.

If the force is doomed, as present evidence appears to show, why should we continue to contribute to it our time and our energy—not to mention, in a good many cases, our money also?

That is what the voice of logical argument suggests to us. Our own feeling and inclination is to stick to the work because we like it, and we feel that a sound reason for doing so would be welcome.

The soundest of all reasons was one which I heard given to a waverer the other evening. There were three of us, all members of the Territorial Force, and we were discussing its prospects.

"For my part," said one, "I feel disposed to chuck it up before the next season's work begins."

He gave his reasons for doing so, mentioning most of those drawbacks which have been dealt with so fully in this paper—the [illegible] lessness of the task, the amount of [illegible] has to be devoted to it, the lack of co[illegible] tion for one's civilian requirements.

"There is," said the third member of the party, "such a thing as patriotism. Has it not struck you that it is your duty to do what you can to be in a position to defend your country if need arose?"

I said nothing, for under such circumstances I prefer to be a listener.

"My dear chap," said the waverer, "you know as well as I do that if our country were in danger I should be the first to volunteer to serve it."

"And you would be able to serve it," said the other, "provided you were still one of the Territorials when war was declared. If you were not, you'd be nothing but an ordinary (et cetera) civilian; you'd find you were too late to change your mind."

"Then, damn it," said the waverer, "I'll stick to it. We may be useful some day after all. It would be hell to me not to be allowed to fight if real trouble turned up."

I fully agree with his sentiments.

RAILWAY OPPRESSION. I have received from a Gate reader the following [illegible] which speaks for itself. He says:

"I write to thank you for one of your articles, or perhaps I should say, in this series of articles. I consider these on the subject of 'Government Slaves' particularly good, inasmuch as they may probably benefit the Civil Servants to whom I refer, by making public their real grievances.

"There is, however, another section of the community, every whit as important to the general public, who, I can safely say, labour under much greater tyranny, for much more niggardly salaries, and work infinitely longer hours at duties of a more exhausting nature than Civil Servants.

"I refer to the clerical staff of our railway companies.

"We have heard a good deal lately of unrest among the uniformed staff of the railway companies, and undoubtedly there is trouble brewing amongst them, but the clerical staff, possibly owing to lack of organisation, suffer even greater indignities, and suffer them perforce, silently."

This is not the first time that I have heard similar rumours of oppression in the offices of our railway companies. Perhaps some of my readers who are employed in these places will favour me with their impressions.

KINDNESS. I am glad to say that I have many lady readers, and one of them sends me what I may describe without being accused of exaggeration as a very beautiful letter.

She deals with the comments I [illegible] printed regarding the religious aspect of the war paper. As you will remember, these comments were made by a Scotch minister, a Jesuit, and a Newcastle reader of undenominational creed.

My lady correspondent says:

"I was at one with you in all you said, for what is the film of creeds after all, when it is the same Father we have all to look upon?

"So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs."

That is what I have always thought, even if I have failed to express it so well.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

EXTREMES.

WE ARE STRAYING FROM THE SANER MIDDLE WAY.

The keynote of life in the present day is ...es. Everything about us nowadays is ...tive. Nothing is deemed worthy of the ...ar notice unless it possesses strikingly ...el characteristics; and, as such unprece... happenings are not of everyday occur... the newspapers strain the brains of ... staffs to the breaking point in order to ...rb the colourless happenings of everyday ...e in a specious semblance of novelty.

... Mr. Theodore Roosevelt happens to have ... rhinoceros, we hear of nothing but that ...ate beast for days. The thickness ... hide, the number of its teeth, the re... of the Presidential slaughterer, and the ...usiasm excited in America by his remark... ...le feat are all dispensed to us.

But why? Is this phase of modern life, ... the face of it, a healthy one? Let the ...ish public ask themselves if they are really ...erested in Mr. Roosevelt and his rhino... ... A little thought will make the man ...reet answer "Not particularly." All ... wants is one or two lines saying that ... Roosevelt shot a rhinoceros in a certain ... of the world on a certain day.

... has been no sadder or more gener... deplored event in England for many ... than the recent death of King Edward ...enth. As soon as the news became ... throughout the country, a great change ...ultaneously over its millions of men ...omen. Faces that had been smiling ... day before became at once pathetically ...ghtful; and even the least sensitive ... were able to realise the beautiful ... of a nation's grief.

... sooner—it is unpleasant to have to ... had the breath gone from the ...'s body, than the Press, with ...g wails, proceeded to ruin the pathos ... great passing. Every intimate little ... of the Royal Family's grief was ...ily snapped up, embellished, or other... ... copious editorial exaggeration, and ... broadcast over the world. The views ... everybody of importance were ... upon the subject; the funeral arrange... ... and every possible sidelight upon the ...ent were exploited to the full.

... would it not have been much better and ... more fitting to have announced the sad ...ws almost as shortly as did one of the ...t dignitaries, in the simple words, "Gen..., the King is dead!"

... great fight between Jim Jeffries and ...son is now over and done with; ... is a safe assumption to make that ... hardly a single soul in this country ... not glad of it. For weeks—nay, ... before the contest, it formed the ...ews-subject in every morning and ...ng sheet. The progress of each boxer's ...ng was reported at length from day to ..., and the forecast of each combatant, ...oken as boastfully as only Yankees can, ... deemed worthy of as much space in ...English papers as a mining tragedy.

... present tendency of the newspapers ... suck every topic of news dry in a single ... is a distinctly unhealthy one, for it is ...arly bringing on a species of national hy... ...ia. Doubtless, the fundamental cause of ... is the presence on the big newspaper-staffs ... Yankee journalists who have managed to ... themselves into managerial positions. ... this sort of thing should not be allowed ... on. The day when men are allowed to ...ent on a big boxing match in simple ...Well, it'll be a good fight; let the ...man win"—and then dismiss the sub... ... will mark the return to national sanity.

C. CONYERS.

QUITE HARMLESS.

"But," said Mr. Younghusband, who had listened breathlessly to his wife's description of how the burglar had broken in by the bath-room window, "do you mean to tell me that you were standing there with nothing on?"

"You forget, dear," was the reply, "that he was covering me with his revolver."

A HOT QUESTION.

The form-master had painfully and laboriously expounded what he knew of the politics of Europe to the wearied class.

"Now," said he, "we will have a few questions to find out how much we know."

"Jones Minor, what do you understand by the word 'Kaiser'?"

"Please, sir," replied this youth, in delighted and ready accents; "it's a stream of hot water that rises in Iceland and gives off steam."

WON BY A HEAD.

Angelina's engagement was an accomplished fact. Every evening Edward Alexander, the favoured one, arrived at 8.30, and from then till within an hour of midnight the drawing-room was the sacred witness of their love.

"I say," said small William, who was home for his holidays; "I wanted ever so much to look through the keyhole last night, when you were alone with Edward."

"Yes, but you remembered how mean it would be, and didn't do it, did you?"

"No, the under-housemaid got there first."

MAGNA EST VERITAS.

"Who is it says I am a liar?" growled the bully, as he came up to a group of weedy-looking youths assembled at the street corner in the waning dusk.

"Perhaps it's me," came a husky, unexpected reply from a stalwart six-footer, who had been unobserved in the darkness, and was proceeding to take off his coat for mortal combat.

"Oh! you, was it?" returned the bully. "Well, you needn't worry about it. I dare say it's true."

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

"Let me see, you are a flat porter," said counsel to the lively witness.

"No," came the answer with some slowness. "I am a porter at a flat."

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why do psychical societies object to Lady Henry Somerset?
Because she doesn't believe in spirits.

* * *

Why has Joyner's stable got the needle?
Because it has struck a bad patch.

* * *

Why do messenger boys look down on the Boy Scouts?
Because the latter actually have to run sometimes!

* * *

Why is Scotland Yard popularly known as the C.I.D.?
Because it is so often kidded.

* * *

Why does Mr. Winston Churchill propose to improve the conditions of life in convict prisons?
Because there's no knowing what may happen to him when the Tories are in power again.

* * *

Why did the *Daily Express* itself so foolishly?
We don't know. No prizes offered for a solution.

* * *

Why should aviators sign the pledge?
Because then they would be in no danger of taking a drop too much.

* * *

Why is Judge Bacon's wit so insipid?
Because he refuses to be cured.

* * *

Why has the music-hall singer Miss Bessie Slaughter an apposite name?
Because her songs are always well executed.

C. SCOTT.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELIGHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to enlist their sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative connoisseurs. Does the offer as detailed below take away from the value of the Cigarettes? Certainly not. Alexander, Orr & Co. make it because they want **MORE** clients, and their recommendations must tell up in the year. The prices are:—

Virginia, No. 14 ... 50, 1s. 6d.; 100, 3s.
Turkish, No. 8 ... 50, 2s. 4d.; 100, 4s. 6d.

To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

Make Application AT ONCE, Sending P.O. 3s. Virginia, or 4s. 6d. Turkish, and a Match-box will be sent with the Cigarettes. Do It To-day!

ALEXANDER, ORR & CO.,
24, Southwark St., London.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CARPENTER'S SHOULDER.

Only the other day a correspondent wrote to ask me, once again, whether it is possible to get rid of minor deformities by means of physical culture.

The answer to this question, of course, is the one I have already given several times in one way or another — *i.e.* that it all depends upon the nature of the evil. Obviously there are some deformities that are so serious that nothing but a surgical operation can remedy them. But equally obvious, on the other hand, is the fact that there are a number of defects in the formation of limbs and muscles that a man can and will "grow out" of if he practises the physical culture exercises regularly and assiduously.

The deformity that this particular correspondent has in mind is one which he describes as "carpenter's shoulder." He is not a carpenter himself, nor has he ever wielded the plane—the excessive use of which is generally supposed to cause the defect—even in an amateurish way. He just happens to have one shoulder slightly higher than the other.

What is to be done?

Almost all the arm and shoulder exercises described by me from time to time would have a beneficial effect, but in addition to them the following may be of assistance.

Planting the feet some distance apart, bend the body from the waist as far forward as possible. Without letting the knees give way, stretch the arms out behind you and clench the fists twisted inwards.

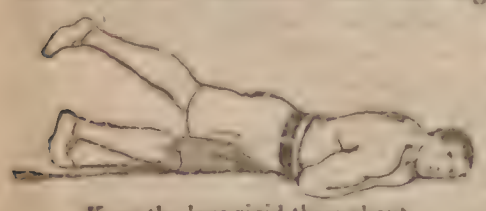
Then twist the arms slowly round so that the hands go through a complete circle. After this, try to force the backs of the hands together, and having done so, return slowly to the upright position.

Of course, it must be distinctly understood that the change can only come about gradually, and will depend entirely upon the amount of vigour put into this and other exercises intended for the same end.

FOR THE HIPS.

With the exception of walking and dancing, there are comparatively few exercises that develop the muscular system of the hips. The following exercise, however, is intended for this very purpose.

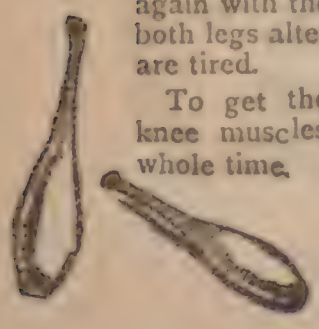
Recline at full length on the ground, face downwards. Stretch out the legs to the fullest extent and, keeping the knee of the right leg absolutely rigid, raise the leg as high as you possibly can.



Keep the legs rigid throughout.

Let it come back slowly to the ground, and then do the same thing with the left leg. Repeat again with the right, and continue to exercise with both legs alternately, until the muscles at the hip are tired.

To get the full benefit from the exercise the knee muscles must be kept absolutely rigid the whole time.



PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Health and beauty, of course, are two things which are seldom, if ever, disassociated. It is this principle which underlies the fact, I cannot too often impress upon my readers, that physical culture is essential to the man who would maintain his personal appearance.

The first sign that a man is "letting himself go" is the presence—becoming more and more obvious as time goes on — of the protruding abdomen. Curiously enough, also, it is a matter upon which my advice is most often asked.

Now it is obvious to anyone who will consider the matter for a moment, that the only way in which the stomach can be effectually reduced is by strengthening the abdominal muscles.

All things considered, I think the old "rowing exercise" is one of the best means for bringing this about.

Sitting upon a small foot-stool or large dictionary, stretch the legs out before you and keep them firmly pressed up against the wainscotting of the room, as straight as possible.

Now lean back a little, so that the body is at an angle of 45 degrees with the floor. Pause a little while in this position, and then swing forward slowly, forcing the stomach down upon the thighs.

FOR A GOOD CARRIAGE.

Stand erect with the heels together and draw the body up to its full height with the chest out and the head thrown back.

Now clasp the hands at the back of the head, forcing the elbows back as far as possible so as to contract the muscles of the shoulders and back. At the same time force the head forward with the hands and resist the pressure to the utmost with the muscles of the neck.

Lunge rapidly and smartly.

Lunge smartly to the right, carrying the right foot some two or three feet away from the other, but keeping the left leg unbent.

The upper part of the body —from the waist upwards— should remain perpendicular, and should not be allowed to come forward into the same straight line as the left leg.

Then recover as smartly to the upright position, and after filling the lungs with a deep breath, repeat the lunge to the other side, turning the whole body to the left and advancing the left foot.

The exercise will play a considerable part in developing the whole body, and will add to its grace of pose and movement.

The muscles of the small of the back, of the legs, of the shoulders, and of the neck will all profit greatly if it is done with a will, and with the attention concentrated on the work in hand.

It is advisable to take some objects above you on either side—for instance, the corners of the ceiling—and to fix your gaze on them as you lunge.

This ensures the keeping of the head and body erect in the position shown in the sketch.

MIND AND MATTER.

Being conscious of muscle is not nearly so easy or so unimportant as some may think. Every day, every moment indeed, we use muscles of which very few of us have ever realised the existence.

Of course, this does not apply so much to the muscles which appear on the surface of the body. No one can help being conscious of these—will only strip and stand before the looking-for a few minutes.

Yet, even with these, the majority of men are lax. Once their clothes are on, they forget about their muscular development. They carry themselves as "strong men who glory in their strength."

A little conceit—or swank, or whatever you like to call it—is an excellent thing.

Oatine

When the skin is after shaving... It instantly relieves... ness and... skin.

A FREE SAMPLE of Oatine Cream will be sent... application, or for 3d. in stamps... (3d. stamps preferred), a box... taining eight of the Oatine pre... tions and book on Face Massage.

THE OATINE CO., 79a, Old... Bldgs., Mermaid Ct., London.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache speedily grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. Success positively Guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage.—T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, London, N. (Send 1d. stamp for Catalogue.)

Capt. A. P. Wardell, M.P.

Clifton Bingham

"My appearance is now all I could wish, thanks to your marvellously correct system. Compare my former and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper, and send your birth date and time (if known) and 1s. for cost of chart, etc., to be sent in plain stamped envelope. I will give you a FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. S. V. ZAZRA, 54, New Oxford St., London, W.C.

A Professional Man writes:—"YOU ASTONISH AND HELP

WHILE YOU WAIT.

HALF AN HOUR IN A COBBLER'S SHOP.

Men who are clever with their hands—craftsmen—are becoming year by year scarcer. They are being driven out, stamped and killed out, by ingenious machinery which produces results that seem, to an undiscriminating eye, to be as good as those produced by the skilled workman.

The pleasure of watching a man who is clever with his hands is a pleasure that all can appreciate. Wherever, in the town or village, a man is to be seen working cleverly with his hands, there will be people with time to watch him, and to marvel at the skill he displays.

People are surprised that out of unpromising material there grows gradually a thing of use, and finally of beauty, when it has something of the character of its maker in it.

"Machine-made" is a justifiable criticism; you may call it what you like; for though the machine gives us quantity, cheapness, strength, and indeed, quality, it cannot give us character or workmanship.

Watch a man making cigarettes in a shop window, the woman cutting and sewing gloves, the bricklayer bringing order and trimness out of tangled, chaotic jungle of brambles and undergrowth, the rick-builder fashioning a shapely stack—these, and a few others, still use their hands and produce results that have none of the monotony of machinery.

One of the most fascinating of the handicrafts is the humble work of the cobbler. To watch an hour spent in his workshop is always one of peculiar interest.

There is the "while you wait" man, as they call him among themselves, who is worth watching. Recently, finding myself in a city where I had been called on business somewhat unexpectedly, and having with me only the boots I stood in, I was forced to patronise one of these "while you wait" men.

Being a heavy walker my heels wear down quickly, and there is no surface like that of London pavements for giving the heels a slope that is well described as "down-at-heel."

So I sought out a cobbler and told him I wished to wait and have my heels renewed while I waited.

"Well," he said, "you must go to a 'while-you-wait' man," adding that not all cobblers took on those jobs. Most politely he came to the door and directed me to a "while-you-wait" shop, and soon I was sitting there, in socks only, watching the "while-you-wait" man perform miracles of renovation on a pair of sadly drooping heels.

His skill amazed me. From a little bench that seemed to me strewn with innumerable odds and ends—nails, bits of leather, queer looking tins, rope, files, hammer, and what appeared to be a general conglomeration of old rubbish—he picked up one instrument after another, passed it over, round, or through the heel, and at each touch they seemed to improve.

By degrees, so fine that I could scarcely follow them, his deft hands built up new heels for me. The edges became rounded, the surfaces polished and even, the nails fell into perfect rows, and the welding of the new to the old showed no traces of a joint.

I was quite sorry when the job was done, and he presented me with boots whose heels showed so trim as to suggest that they had had no known contact with hard pavements or dirty roads.

When you have an hour to spare, and your boots have lost their perfect level, just drop into a "while-you-wait" shop and sit upon the empty sugar box while the cobbler renovates them. You will henceforth respect the handicraftsman and the cobbler in particular.

M. BRUCE.

Here is a message directed to the young man anxious to "get on"

"THE I.C.S. DO WHAT THEY SAY"

"Newport, Mon.

"Dear Sirs,

"It is with pleasure that I write my appreciation of the thoroughness of the I.C.S. system of "Instruction by Post. I joined the Schools in the Business Training, after much careful considera- "tion and endless inquiries, and have been most agreeably surprised. It was in September, 1909, "that I enrolled, and already my knowledge has been considerably extended. Shortly after I enrolled "—i.e., November—the firm with whom I was employed closed down, and this necessitated me seeking "another berth. Thanks to the personal interest of your local Representative I was secured an "improved situation the day after I finished with my former employers. This will surely prove that "the I.C.S. do what they say regarding Students' interests. I can only echo what other students "have said—viz., that any young fellow desiring to get on in this life can do no better than put "himself under your tuition.

"I am, Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) W. J. BASHAM."

WHAT WE SAY AND DO:—

We say that if you place yourself under our tuition in your spare time and own home, on your own terms, no matter where you live or at what you work—we will train you to fill a better position, equip you to demand a larger salary and get it.

To test this assertion, let us refer you to successful I.C.S. students in your district—let them speak to you about what we do, discuss with them the salary-raising qualities of I.C.S. methods. We are quite confident of the result—but it's your "next move." To "get on" fill in the Better Position coupon now—it costs nothing, assures much.

"The way to better things is the I.C.S. way."

BETTER POSITION COUPON

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Ltd.,

Dept. 361/X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the occupation **before** which I have marked **X** (or in the one stated here .....)

Name.....

Address.....

Electrical Engineering.	**Marine Engineering**	**Analytical Chemistry.**
Mechanical Engineering.	**Gas Power and Oil Engines.**	**Book-Keeping.**
Mining Engineering.	**Motor Engineering.**	**Shorthand and Typewriting.**
Civil Engineering.	**Machine Shop Practice.**	**Advertising.**
Heating. Aviation.	**Architecture.**	**Modern Languages.**
Steam Engineering.	**Applied Art and Design.**	**Civil Service.**

OPINIONS OF OUR SALE AND EXCHANGE PAGE.

A. R. (Birmingham), writes: "I am glad to tell you that I sold my physical culture outfit at a good price through your Exchange."

T. B. F. (Newcastle), writes: "I used to get only 5s. a parcel for my clothes, and often a parcel included a good suit, a pair of boots and various sundries. By my advertisement in your Sale and Exchange page I sold a suit for 10s. 6d. and a pair of shooting boots for 7s. 6d."

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £ S. D.)

The Advice of the
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE
has been worth
£409,250
TO CLIENTS.

We say clients can make profits through us. And they do. We have paid away £409,250 in a comparatively short period to clients. Naturally we are proud of the fact. The more clients we have the more money we pay away. You can make one more client, if you are not already one. All you have to do is to fill in and post the coupon below. We will then explain to you our

Simple and Sound System of Money-Making.

If you do not then choose to become a client you need not proceed further. Our clients have filled in a similar coupon. That is all you are now asked to do. We can do much for you, but nothing whatever without your permission.

One Client's Account.

Here we give the numbers and amounts of the cheques paid to this client within the last three months only. They are an unanswerable argument in proof of what we say—that we can make money for you—and the logic of such results is irresistible. You are at libertyto inspect each one of the original cheques if you will call at these offices.

D. A. J.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
22751	.. ..	136	0	0
22658	.. ..	86	5	0
22614	.. ..	184	5	0
22600	.. ..	127	10	0
22553	.. ..	65	0	0
22499	.. ..	105	0	0
22471	.. ..	148	12	6
22422	.. ..	62	10	0
	Car. for...	£915	2	6

Cheques		£	s.	d.
	Bt. for. ..	915	2	6
22379	.. ..	95	0	0
22336	.. ..	208	15	0
22277	.. ..	240	0	0
22129	.. ..	220	10	0
22062	.. ..	97	10	0
22023	.. ..	118	15	0
21944	.. ..	65	6	0
	Car. for...	£1,960	18	6

Cheques		£	s.	d.
	Bt. for. ..	1,960	18	6
21814	.. ..	63	0	3
21547	.. ..	61	3	0
25506	.. ..	62	0	0
21455	.. ..	130	0	0
21297	.. ..	129	19	8
21242	.. ..	123	2	0
21149	.. ..	69	10	3
		£2,599	13	3

£10,000 a Year!

Our system is for all clients, and what this client has done you can do. Learn the method of money-making that brought £2,500 to him in three months.

Telegrams: "Natsharex, London." Telephone: London Wall 712 (5 lines).

If you would like to learn how we can make money for you, fill in and post this coupon.

THIS COUPON LEADS TO MONEY—FILL IT IN.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free (as my name is not already on your books) your 40-page and other lists of cheques, totalling £409,250, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select. Also particulars of the system of money-making for clients.

M.M.
3/9/10

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

PRIDE IN BUSINESS.

As everybody knows, pride is of two kinds. One is legitimate, human, praiseworthy; the other is summed up more briefly as swank.

To the swanking type of pride, very little need be said, for it is to be observed everywhere in the world of modern business. Public education explains a good deal of it. You see, for example, a clerk who, at what he calls too much work, and what other people would call too stupid, objects to the copying of the letter, at a time of pressure, which, in his opinion, this should be done by an office boy, and not by a self-respecting clerk.

The Territorial movement is doing one more than another it is to show those who join it the advantage of fending for himself; it tends to take the superfluous conceit out of a man and to make him self-reliant and useful. The man who has had a military training is not likely to pass his work on to others because he considers the doing of it to be beneath him.

The swanking type of pride, within my experience, invariably goes hand-in-hand with incompetence. A man is too proud to do this work, and either directly or indirectly allows his employer to see it; his employer realises that there may be some element of truth and justification in his spoken or unspoken protest, but he passes the work on to someone else, without prejudice to the man whom he has relieved of the duty; but sooner or later that man gets sacked, not because his employer bears any malice against him for failing to carry out the trivial duty that offended his pride, but because he is incompetent at his work.

The competent man always has common-sense, and is, therefore, without false pride. Wherever you find false pride, there you also find incompetence, and, eventually, dismissal.

Free education has been lauded by many, but I doubt whether it is such a good thing as is generally supposed. Too often, it seems to me, the sole result of it is to make a man conceited.

Justifiable pride, on the other hand, is a very different thing.

It is a part of the character that is indispensable for business success.

I think it is very closely allied to the fighting instinct. You are running a business of your own and have entered into certain contracts with another firm; that other firm is in the habit of doing business with a rival of yours, and they inform you that if you do not increase your expenditure with them they will feel themselves obliged to give preference to the delivery of your rival's goods. The one and only thing to do under such circumstances is to cancel all relations whatsoever with the firm that makes the threat."

In the business career of every man there are occasions when he has to put his foot down—when, in fact, he finds that personal pride and justifiable pride must be given precedence over any consideration of commercial utility. On such occasions, be it said, his action is usually well advised.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

AMERICAN FINANCE.

Business on the Stock Exchange is almost at a standstill and will very likely continue so until the holiday season is entirely over. The one exception is Yankees, prices of which never seem to stand still for any length of time.

That there will be an autumn boom in this market seems almost a certainty, as the dominating factor at the moment is "crops," and, as my advices from a reliable source in Chicago are entirely favourable, I don't see what is to prevent everything American going better. The corn crop will be far and away the biggest on record.

Politics may be a disturbing factor, and, as the Republican State Committee in arranging a meeting of the State Convention at Saratoga have preferred Mr. Sherman to Mr. Roosevelt as Chairman, it is apparent to the student of American Finance that the "grafters" are at work to keep Mr. Roosevelt in the background if possible.

Should they succeed, then the ex-President is not the man I take him for, and the people of America should rally round him, as he is the only man strong enough to fight corruption.

America is a great country, but it will be very much greater when "grafting" is a thing of the past.

GRAND TRUNKS.

Grand Trunk stocks have improved on the half-yearly dividend statement, and the Third Preference ought to be bought for investment, as the trade in the Dominion is still on the increase to an extraordinary extent, and as the figures for the "lean" half-year give promise of the full dividend of 4 per cent. for 1910 being paid on the "Thirds."

MEXICAN RAILS STILL STRONG.

Mexican Railway stocks are still on the up grade, and a better and safer speculative investment than the Second Preferred at about 90 I cannot imagine.

SOUTH AFRICANS AND RUBBERS.

The "life" has soon died out of the South African market; but I think that is only because so many operators are away on holidays.

The Rubber market seems to me to be in rather an artificial state, and those of my readers who hold shares should carefully consider whether they should take their profits and wait for lower prices to buy back.

The Malacca report is not good reading for the shareholders, and I foresee labour difficulties in Malay in the near future.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Mc. G. (Glasgow).—It would be far better for you to deal with an insurance company of established reputation.

H. F. (Worksop).—Sell at once; a further decline is more than probable.

G. B. (Southampton).—Avoid the firm.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

MUTINY.

ITS PAINS AND PENALTIES.

The recent "mutiny" among some Territorials recalls the fact that mutiny is one of the crimes for which a regular officer or soldier may be sentenced to death even in time of peace.

Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so does it take two or more persons to make a mutiny. One man cannot mutiny, though he may be guilty of a mutinous act.

For example, if a soldier comes to knowledge of an intended mutiny and fails at once to inform the authorities, he is liable to death.

One man can be guilty of treason, but he will, as a rule, be tried for it by the civil power and not by court-martial.

The exact difference between mutiny and sedition is not easy to define, but in general terms sedition is directed against the Royal Family, mutiny against military authority.

Mutiny implies conspiracy; sedition, on the other hand, is generally the offence of an individual.

Mutiny is mainly confined to persons subject to military law, but civilians may be concerned in it and are liable to punishment.

Section 461, the King's Regulations, directs that Sections 4 to 44 (inclusive) of the Army Act are to be read once in every three months at the head of every unit, and also the following notice:—

"Under the existing law, any person who shall maliciously and advisedly endeavour to seduce any person or persons serving in His Majesty's forces by sea or land from his or their duty and allegiance to His Majesty, or to incite or stir up any such person or persons to commit any act of mutiny, or to make or endeavour to make any mutinous assembly, or to commit any traitorous or mutinous practice whatsoever, may, on being legally convicted of such offence, be sentenced to penal servitude for the term of the natural life of such person."

It is a pity that this law is not more strictly applied, and some of the blackguard atheists who fill our lower decks and barrack rooms with disloyal literature sent to well-deserved and lengthy terms of "chokey."

20/- PER WEEK WHEN OUT OF WORK

Are you sure of your job? Write us, and we will send you per return our Prospectus, which tells how you can be sure of 20s. per week when out of work. It clearly explains how you can secure a regular weekly amount for three months during unemployment.

Write NOW enclosing addressed envelope. Don't wait till you are out of work; it's too late then.

Think what it means to be out of work with perhaps wife and children to keep fed. Is it not worth a small sacrifice now to know that in the time of need they are provided for, for three months, during which time you can look around and secure work?

The Insurance gives you heart to look for work, and cheerfulness is half the battle when you apply for a situation and compete with others.

You can be cheerful when you know that "All's Well" at Home.

Be sure and ask for Prospectus M.M.

"THE RAMPART" UNEMPLOYMENT & GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD.,

255/260, Birkbeck Bank Chambers, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Good chance for LIVE AGENTS. Our Agency will put more money in your pocket NOW.

FAULTS THAT MUST BE REMEDIED, IF SPORT IS TO HOLD ITS OWN.

The catholic sportsman, if we may be permitted to use the adjective in a new sense—the sense of the man who takes a whole-hearted interest in many sports, rather than the firmly prejudiced adherent of one only—will not deny that there are many sports which might be improved, both for the benefit of the participant and the spectator.

In most cases the improvement would not be called for in the actual sport itself, but in the matter of the rules that governed it and the way in which they were administered.

Prominent in this connection is boxing. We are not concerned with the evils of professional pugilism, for in some form or other they will always be with us; but one very great drawback of amateur competitions calls for special mention here.

LET THE BEST MAN W.N.

Some weeks ago a very big amateur tournament was held in London, but it was a recognised fact that in more than one event the best man did not win.

Now for this there was a very obvious reason. In such competitions, a man will, perhaps, have to fight as many as three heats before reaching the final round, when he will possibly have to meet a much fresher man, though perhaps inferior, who has managed to draw a bye. Thus it is that in very many cases the better man goes down, beaten not so much by his opponent as by his own exhaustion.

Such a state of things is obviously unfair; but it might be very easily remedied. Why not spread boxing competitions over two nights, *not* consecutive, the first to cover all the preliminary rounds, and the second to be devoted solely to the finals at the various weights? With such a system, each final would provide splendid sport, contested by two men of practically equal ability, and both perfectly fresh and fit for the contest.

A similar system might be introduced into athletic sports meetings, with regard to sprint events. The heats should not be all run off continuously, but should be dovetailed in between other events so as to give the men time to recover their freshness as far as possible.

FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Cricket is another sport which from the point of view of the spectator's enjoyment is not entirely faultless.

People often wonder why cricket fails to attract such large crowds as football; and the answer to this question is that the spectators' strong feeling of partisanship is much better satisfied by football than by the summer game. At the end of a game of football the onlooker generally knows either that his side has won or lost, whereas at cricket, the proportion of matches that reach a definite conclusion is practically insignificant.

But if, on the two innings, the match is drawn, why not decide it on the first innings? Such a system would have a dual advantage. The spectators' interest would be increased; and, in order, if possible, to obtain a lead on both innings, each eleven would put forth their best efforts consistently throughout the match.

The contemptible "tea interval," too, should be abolished; and all the counties should play an equal number of county fixtures. With one county only playing perhaps eighteen matches to another's thirty-two, the system of judging by percentages is unfair on the face of it.

THE PENALTY KICK.

The penalty rule at Association football is not half stringent enough. Over and over again in a match pretty bouts of concerted forward play will bring the ball into such proximity to the goal that a score seems certain, when the "shooter" will be brought to the ground by a timely, but none the less contemptible, foul. And for this the only compensation is a shot at goal, for which the custodian is prepared! Why, a first-class goalkeeper laughs at it!

But if every foul within the penalty area counted as one goal against the offending team, such tricky practices would quickly become far scarcer.

Migrating from the province of sport proper to that of indoor games, we might mention before concluding that billiards suffers very much from discouragement of personal enterprise by the ruling powers.

Our older readers will remember how Peall's great mastery of the "spot" stroke resulted in its abolishment; and the fate of Reece's "anchor" stroke will be fresh in the memory of all.

Under such circumstances is it not natural that the inventive faculty of talented players should be very largely discouraged?

A. J. RANDALL.

TURKISH BATHS.

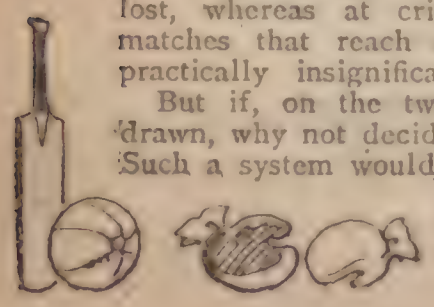
There are probably more of our readers who have never taken a Turkish bath than of those who have; and we may remark in passing that they have not missed much.

There is nothing particularly attractive to the average man about the Turkish bath. A succession of temperatures of gradually increasing heat may be mildly beneficial in some circumstances, but to undergo them *in puris naturalibus* before a number of one's fellow-men (most of whom are not too healthy, and who are generally fat) is not alluring, on the face of it. And it is significant that Turkish baths are dangerous to anybody whose heart is not as sound as a bell.

MARKETING ABILITY.

Generally speaking, the delicate work of Marketing Ability can be best left to Happoods. One side of our large Organisation is devoted to this work—the other being devoted to the finding of Men of Special Ability for Employers. We deal only with High-Grade Men capable of filling positions carrying salaries of £150 to £1,000 per annum. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.



BY A SLEEPLESS RIVER

FOR OUTDOOR MEN ONLY.

Man has always felt the fascination of ning water and has always obeyed its He clings to the river and finds an satisfaction in its companionship.

It was this spell a river casts that ke close to the banks of a little unreg stream far off the beaten track of most ho makers, and that lured me to spend a upon its skimpy waters in the only boat disturbed its course for miles up and

It was the only relic of a former tenu the farm whose area was bounded by stream. A green and sprouting willow formed its moorings, and it rode three feet of water as quietly as the voles that paddled round about it in the banks.

It was an inviting boat that only n a little kindly refurbishing to make it able. And loving the ripple of the wate day, I wanted to sleep within sound of it night.

It was with the roughest of carpente skill that I nailed an upright post at the of the boat, and stretched a few yards of cord (on which the farmer's wife hung her washing, by the way) from post.

Then, borrowing a light tarpaulin from farmer, I carried it down to the boat, it over the cord—and there I had a tent.

Here I would sit and listen, and smoke sleep, throughout one of the few remark nights of a summer that had been by means kind.

Before dusk deepened I had another tarpaulin, four sacks, a thick coat, a rug, and a cushion down to the and stowed them into it in the fashion bed.

The cushion lay in the stern, for this end the craft projected furthest out into stream, and I meant to be really afloat night. The ends of the tarpaulin came just a few inches over the edge of the so that when necessary I could raise and put my head out to look up or down river.

It was an experience in itself to leave shelter of a rambling and comfortable after a good supper and to make my down the sloping fields to the waterside, felt that the world was very far away indeed.

Carefully I went on board, making that the boat was made fast and that it would not drift while I slept.

But sleep was far from me that night. landscape faded. Darkness came down, stealthy cattle to the very water's edge, seemed to peer into my little floating through every opening. The stars alone my lights, dancing incessantly in the ripples water where by day I had often thrown fly over a well-marked trout.

Once and again at long intervals would sound a splash in the water, as a fish for food or sheer sport leapt out of stream.

Gently I swayed to and fro in the and the circling waves made hollow noises the rat-holes on the shore.

And then my senses softly clouded coming sleep, and half in dream and awake I caught the sound of the earliest chattering in the reeds.

Hours later I awoke. The sun throwing up blinding reflections from the as I rubbed my eyes.

And looking from my boat-tent to the a line of young and inquisitive cattle drawn up, plainly saying to each other, the devil have we here?

L. G.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY'S FIGHT TO THE DEATH

By ADAM STERN.

...ert and Graill arrived at ...dare and Hounds," Moulden, ...y morning soon after eight o'clock. It was ...e that they stabled their horses before pro... to the works.

...morning Mark Gem, the landlord, came ... the yard in his shirt-sleeves to speak to ... The seamed face of the little ex-pugilist ... an expression of viciousness worse than the ... It generally did when he was labouring ...er distress.

..."Eard the news?" he demanded of them both.

..."No; what's up?" asked Graill.

..."Bill Murdoch's bin an' murdered 'is wife and ...

..."Good Lord!" said Graill.

...rt, who was hanging up his saddle, slowly ... and looked.

..."Murdered 'em. Slit their throats," added ... through tight-drawn lips. "Did it first ...ved 'emselvin', while they was asleep. His ...egged out long enough to say that much—then ...gged out. You know 'im," he said fiercely ...ard. "You know Bill Murdoch. The ...t ugly, dark-browed devil!"

..."Yes, I know him," said Richard quietly. ..."What did he do after? Cut his own throat?"

..."Urt 'isself!" exclaimed Mark with scorn. ..."Has he ...n arrested?"

..."Course. Neighbours 'card a yell and then ...ther and went in to see. There was the ...d the other youngest kid bleedin' in one bed ...y was. The other two bleedin' in another. Warm, ...s no Bill about. 'E'd skedaddled; 'e'd quit. ...d strike me if I don't feel I'm partly to blame!"

..."What makes you say that?" queried Richard, ...ly.

..."'E got drunk 'ere larst night. 'Cos I ...un. But 'ow could I ha' foreseen it? He ...ways gettin' drunk, but he was one o' them ...oo sits still and steadily soaks. Never any ...rbarge. Never openin' 'is jaw. But gettin' ...d evilier with every pint 'e took."

...nd nodded confirmation.

..."Fair about 'is missus when 'e got 'ome, so they ..., that's nothin' fresh. 'E did that reg'lar. ...bashed-about little misery 'er was. One ...'er's well out of it. But them kids. . . ."

...k scraped his throat and spat.

..."It's damnable," said Graill.

..."Ellish," muttered Mark, gloomily. "What ... to say about it, Dick?"

...did not immediately answer. He thrust ...nds deep into his trousers pockets and ...ed across the yard.

..."Insanity," he said at length. "That without a ...ot. What's being done? It isn't safe for a ...an like that to be at large."

..."They're after 'im, 'o coorse," answered Mark, ...ally. "I went down to the 'ouse, but there ...k again. A couple o' coppers keepin' 'em ...g to the police-coort."

..."They won't want an outsider bothering," said ...d.

...stood a while reflecting, then jerked his ...d with a spasm of impatience. Abruptly he ...ode away, Graill following him.

...Mark remained where he was, watching his ...parture.

..."When there's nothin' to say," he muttered, ...t look Selby to say nothin'. But, Gawd, I ...t be Bill Murdoch if 'e lays 'is 'ands on ...

...Richard and Graill proceeded on their way to ... works in silence. Some distance had been ...vered when, suddenly, Richard crossed the ...d. He had caught sight of Chief-Inspector ...ter.

...He only exchanged a few words with him, and ...ed Graill, who was waiting expectantly.

..."The whole district communicated with," said ...ard briefly. "They estimate he's got three hours' start. Not been seen at any railway station."

"Think they'll catch him?" said Graill, as they continued their walk.

"Dead sure—unless he commits suicide beforehand."

"A bad business," said Graill.

"Shows what drink and idleness will do. Never any good in him. I tried him once, but had to kick him out. Used to turn up drunk, and was as ready to floor you with a hammer as look."

"Well, he's done for himself now."

"After doing for others. A complete job," added Richard grimly. "The first he's ever done. And the last."

But in saying it was the last Richard made one of the few mistakes of his life.

* * * * * * *

The *clock-clock* of a horse's hoofs reached the two men standing in the shadow of the pit-bank. One of them stepped out on to the path looking in the direction of Moulden. It was too dark to see far.

"The inspector, shouldn't wonder," he said, returning to his companion.

The hoof-beats drew nearer, and presently stopped. The men advanced a few paces and saluted.

"Seen anything?"

"No."

"All right. Keep out of sight. The moon will be up soon."

"How's Phillips?" asked one of the men.

"Dead. The news came through from Brierley half an hour ago."

A silence followed, broken only by the breathing of the horse.

"Well, I'll get on," said the inspector.

Then—"Hullo," he added, softly. "Who's this?"

A man, who looked large in the gloom, came up with brisk, noiseless strides.

"That's Carter, isn't it?" he said.

"Mr. Selby?"

"Yes. I've been over to Brierley. Sad affair this, about Phillips."

"Leaves a wife and four children," said the inspector. "By which route did you go out to Brierley?"

"The main road."

"You should have returned the same way. It's not safe along here alone. I've got my men in pairs, as you see."

"I shall be all right," said Richard. "Nobody spotted him yet, I suppose?"

"No, but we'll have him by daylight," gritted the inspector. "He can't escape. Every by-path and road within the radius of a mile is watched. And he's somewhere inside it, as we know by poor Phillips."

"How exactly did it happen?"

"Knifed him where he stood—clean between the shoulder blades, and mutilated him horribly afterwards. Must have crept up from behind. It could hardly have been dark. I immediately doubled the strength of the guard. We're only waiting for the dawn. How he's eluded us the the last two days I can't imagine."

"This part of the district's like a rabbit-warren," said Richard.

"The man's a fiend!"

"He's mad—with all the cunning of madness. I hope you get him as you expect. It's unsafe for everybody, especially the children."

"You included," said the inspector, seeing that he was going. "Mr. Selby, you'd do well to stick to me as far as the main road. He has still got the knife."

"Thanks; I'm going the other way. But don't worry about me. Good-night."

"Well, good-night." The inspector touched up his horse. If any man was capable of taking care of himself it was Richard Selby.

The two policemen returned to the shadow of the pit-bank; the hoof-beats died away.

Richard kept to the path for no more than a minute, and then turned off to the right.

He had a plan of his own. If Bill Murdoch was within the radius mentioned he was convinced that he could locate him—unless the murderer was dead asleep in the lair he had chosen. And Richard did not believe he was asleep.

For two hours he moved about, apparently at random, but nevertheless methodically working towards the centre of an ever-narrowing circle. One o'clock chimed and struck somewhere in the distance. Here and there belched flames from the chimneys of forges still at work, lighting their immediate vicinity; but they, too, were in the distance. The rim of the moon appeared on the horizon, saffron through the mist.

All about Richard was grey and black desolateness. He trod without sound, picking his way over the broken ground carefully but withal at a steady pace. It was evidence of his iron nerve that he never once looked behind him. The fact that any moment a creature wild and obsessed with the lust of blood might spring up and attack him was not in his mind. He did not fear Bill Murdoch. What was essential was, that a being dangerous to children and women should be apprehended, and that in the shortest time. To bring about that result was his only motive.

He reached at length the crumbling walls of what once had been a brick-yard. Without hesitation he entered, passing the conical kiln on his left, and peering about with keen eyes. And suddenly he made a swift, swerving leap to one side. Out of the invisible had rushed a crouching form with hissing breath and the scrape of boots on earth.

It shot past him and returned. In one abrupt instant he saw maniacal eyes, gleaming teeth, and the shine of steel. Then his hand shot up and caught the wrist of the descending arm just in time! In a trice they were battling with indescribable savagery.

Never, of all his fights, had Richard had one to compare with this. The man was demoniacal. He foamed at the mouth, hissing and gnashing his teeth in a way hideous to hear. The fingers of his free hand tore at Richard's hair, and ears, and nostrils. His strength was as the strength of ten.

Richard realised it had become a matter, not of capturing the man, but of saving his own life. Grimly and silently, with head well down and eyes shut to escape the probing fingers, he concentrated himself on the single purpose of gaining possession of the knife.

But desperate as were his exertions he could not succeed. He got the other hand to the wrist, and felt as he did so a searing pain, like hot wire, in his side. Bringing all his weight to bear he sought to bend the wrist backwards and break it. It was his only chance, for the maniac, with a wolf-like mouthing, was attempting to bury his teeth in his neck.

Now the chill of fear crept into Richard's heart

as it seemed to him he was weakening. And with the thought control deserted him, and fury took its place, so that he fought with a madness no less frenzied than the other's.

Marvellously they kept their feet. With cracking muscles and straining sinews the deadly struggle went on. Hisses and gasps, and the stamping of feet filled the silence of the brickyard, and presently from Richard there burst forth hoarse laughter and gibes.

"By God! Bill Murdoch, you're keeping me busy. . . . Almost had me then. . . . Try again. . . . I'll have that knife—I'm going to have that knife. *A—h!*"

The wrist had snapped. The knife tinkled on the ground. With a howl of pain Bill Murdoch broke free and ran yelping into the darkness.

Panting and swaying Richard stood, unable to see for the blood in his eyes.

The madman was still in the brickyard. He could hear him blundering about, moaning now like a despairing animal. The walls were too high to scale, and he could only escape by passing close to Richard.

It did not even occur to Richard to shout for help. He waited unsteadily, getting his breath back, his hand pressed to the wound in his side. all the primitive nature of the man was clamouring to get to grips with his enemy again. The moaning ceased. Silence fell, a stealthy, significant silence. Wariness returned to Richard, and his eyes were everywhere.

All at once, straight ahead of him, a mocking laugh sounded.

"If yo' want me," said a taunting voice, "yo' can come and fetch me. I'm 'ere opposite to yo'. It's Richard Selby, ain't it?—the man I allays liked, the man I've long had a little debt to settle with."

Sanity had returned to Bill Murdoch, a sanity no less baleful than his madness.

"Yes, it's me," said Richard Selby. "I suppose you know what you've done to your family?"

A coarse, unprintable oath answered him.

"I'm a-waitin'," continued Bill Murdoch, jeeringly. "I'm just 'ere—straight in front of yer. If yo' want me, come and fetch me. Unless you're afeart," he added with a laugh.

"Yes, I want you," said Richard. "Stay there."

And with steady, unwavering steps he advanced. He had taken half a dozen paces when, with an audible gasp, he stopped. He had suddenly remembered the marl-pit in the centre of the yard.

Gingerly he extended a foot, groping; and a silent thankfulness filled him as he realised that another pace would have meant death. Simultaneously, another laugh reached him.

"I'm still a-waitin'. Ain't changed 'yo'r mind, 'ave yer?"

Abruptly deciding on strategy Richard stooped, feeling about with his hands. He found what he wanted—a loose brick, and, making a stumbling noise and uttering a cry, he dropped the brick into the pit.

It splashed into water, and even as Murdoch gave a triumphant shout, he began to skirt the pit on feathery feet.

He saw him now, a doubled figure bending over to look. Noiselessly approaching he gripped his coat, dragging him back, and flinging himself upon him.

A fierce tussle began. Handicapped by his broken wrist Murdoch was partially helpless. But he was big and tremendously powerful, and he twisted and wriggled like a cat.

Try as he would, Richard could not get a hold of his throat and fulfil his intention of choking him into insensibility. And craftily, imperceptibly, Bill Murdoch, the quintuple murderer, worked towards the mouth of the pit.

How it happened Richard never afterwards fully understood. But all at once the body beneath him ceased to struggle; a moment of inertia ensued, then followed a violent roll, a tearing grasp, an oath and a splash, and Bill Murdoch had disappeared.

He crawled carefully to his knees, listening. He found, to his surprise, that he was trembling and felt sick.

"Gad! he's gone over," he said, and quietly fainted away.

* * * * * * *

It was there at dawn that a pair of searching policemen discovered him, the ground stained with blood from a flesh wound—not serious—in his side.

And Bill Murdoch, the murderer, was dead in three feet of water a hundred feet below.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

TACTICS IN THE EXAM. ROOM.

Probably a good many of our readers are engaged in the unenviable pursuit of stewing for exams. and are regarding the day of their trial with a certain amount of apprehension. A good many of them will have been up before, and be aware that once in the exam. room a feeling of helplessness seems to come over one, so that one can hardly make up one's mind on how to start the paper.

The great thing to remember is to read carefully through all the questions one after the other, mentally noting which are the simplest.

Start on the easy ones first, and do them as quickly as is compatible with thorough accuracy. Then start on the "twisters."

Don't forget that the examiners may set the greatest store on the questions which are easiest to you. And if by any chance you finish your paper with time in hand, don't sit idle, but go on carefully verifying until the last moment.

THINGS THAT PEOPLE NOTICE.

Seated in your sitting-room at the end of the day you are conscious of a vague feeling of discontent. The two or three suits on which, like most men, you "ring the changes" are all beginning to look rather shabby. A certain amount of brilliance is beginning to appear at the knees and elbows, and no matter how often you have them pressed, the trousers quickly become woefully baggy again. You *must* have a new suit or two soon. And this is what is worrying you.

You have just come back from your holidays, and for several weeks you will be very "broke." So that the question of suits must necessarily be shelved for some time.

Meanwhile every time you go out you feel that you are not by any means as well dressed as you would like to be, indeed, that people are thinking how shabby you look.

In all probability this is only imagination. But even if it isn't, here are some hints that may be useful, gleaned from the experience of one who has a suit of clothes for every day in the week—*i.e.*, the suit he is wearing at the time of writing.

If you always keep your boots in a condition of gorgeous glossiness nobody will be able to take their eye off them to look at your trousers. And if your shirt, collar, and cuffs are immaculate in their whiteness they will successfully set off even the oldest coat.

30/- **per week** for work done at home. We provide materials and pay for same when completed. Send for particulars to the NATIONAL HOME EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION, Albemarle Works, Hounslow.

Our ancestors had a much greater faith in the efficacy of various plants when used as remedies for disease than we have; in fact, they imagined that a cure for every ill could be found in the plant world. They thought a little way-side plant, whose spotted leaves are somewhat like the appearance of a diseased lung, could cure Consumption, and they named it "Lungwort." Unfortunately, it does not possess that most desirable healing power; but Mr. Chas. H. Stevens, of 204, Worple Road, Wimbledon, whilst travelling in Africa, came across some plants, the extract of which, when used as a remedy, seems to be absolutely deadly in effect on the germ which causes Consumption and other forms of Tuberculosis.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer ... general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. ... reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be ...

Y. A. G. (Mountain Ash).—Your tent ... require any special treatment before ... away till next season, but spread it out ... for a day or so, until the canvas is thorough ... and roll it up tightly. Be sure that it is ... a dry place.

W. A. P. (Todmorden).—We are getting ... recommending ordinary paraffin as a hair ... It ought to meet your case. As you ... much cold water will certainly make ... brittle.

"BLACK AND WHITE" (Newcastle).—Ap... nomination to the secretary of the bar... select. The age for candidates for the B... England is between 18 and 25. For furth... ticulars write to the London Chamber o... merce, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C.

W. H. (Staveley).—Don't be alarmed ... readiness to sweat; it is one of the ... which the body cleanses itself. Freque... is the only means of avoiding the disc... speak of.

W. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Why not gi... another ring to replace it? But be sure ... given up the man as well as his ring.

T. R. B. (Colchester).—The best person ... for a dog, if you want it to work with the ... gamekeeper. Sometimes, if he has a lit... on hand, you can pick up a good pup for ... as half a guinea.

A. M. B. (Wendover).—The climate in ... Guiana is not so bad as it is painted. T... large white colony in Georgetown, and ... quite a good time.

B. D. (Middlesbrough).—If you must h... lounge suit have navy blue. It will look ... what out of place at a wedding, but it will ... so conspicuous as any other colour would.

T. H. (London, S.E.).—Four ounces a ... ought to be quite sufficient for you. Try ... mixtures before you settle definitely on ... tobacco.

G. R. (Dundee).—There is no reason ... alarmed; every man who goes in for sport ... occasionally. It will wear off in a very ... Rubbing with embrocation is the only re...

R. S. M. (Manchester).—Stones can be ... by the use of a file and emery paper. Dip ... in water from time to time, or it will lose ...

D. R. H. (Cardiff).—You can easily raise a ... hind leg to clean his hoofs by having one ... the hamstring, while you lift the hoof of ... other. Hold his hoof hard against your ... He cannot kick if you do this.

"MAC" (Edinburgh).—For under-exposed ... graphs slow the developer by diluting it ... water. Try the self-toning process.

G. C. A. (Saffron Walden, Essex) complains ... he has to black his own boots. Never mind ... long as you don't have to black another's.

A. K. R. B. (Brixton) has furnished his ... instalment system, and is now going away ... is he to do? The best plan would be to get ... one to take the things off your hands, at ... a reduced sum. If you have made a bargain ... the furniture people you must keep to it.

A. K. C. (High Wycombe) thinks a good ... continue the friendship he has struck up ... the girls of the tennis club would be to form ... amateur orchestral society for the winter. The ... plan seems excellent, but is it all of them ... only that you want?

J. M. (Malta) asks us whether the police ... rities would have prevented the Johnson-... Jeffries fight from taking place in England, ... had decided to fight there. We imagine that ... would have looked on and interviewed the ... principals, and then allowed them to ... the next boat to America.

T. P. C. (Chelmsford), **R. E. J. S.** (Cra... (Kilburn), **F. S. K.** (Cardiff), **J. A. P.** (... **A. L. T.** (Zanzibar), **J. M.** (Balham), **G. R. P.** (... **L. E. W. H.** (Exeter), **W. F.** (Coleshill).—Many ... for your suggestions.

A well-planted garden should at this time of year be at its best, and the phlox should just now play a prominent part in the blaze of colour that the flower beds present.

The perennial phlox is an invaluable plant which flowers throughout the late summer and autumn and produces large heads of bloom which are of the greatest use to a gardener who relies, as most good gardeners do, on the effect of massed colour and not on perfect order and regularity.

The plant is easily grown, but is not, on the whole, to be recommended to the town gardener. It needs a deeply worked and well manured loamy soil, and the roots should be occasionally divided.

Cuttings of young shoots, about three inches long, may be taken in spring and planted in small pots or in a hot-bed.

Some varieties that can be recommended are "Tapis Blanc" and "Rheingau," which are both white, or "Lady Molly" and "William Robinson" among the rose-coloured phloxes.

* * *

Now is the time for sowing the seed of hollyhocks for next season's flowering, and the opportunity should not be missed.

The tall growth of these plants renders them especially valuable in a border, for they tower above everything else and take up scarcely any room, since, having no thick growth near the ground, they do not object to lower plants being put in close to them.

The variety of colours obtainable now includes many shades of pink and red, as well as white, yellow, and even mauve and more fancy colours.

* * *

Pansies and violas that have become at all overgrown and straggling should now be cut down close to the ground. The trimmings, or those about two inches long, can be used as cuttings, the severed end being slit up and inserted in sandy soil in a frame or even in a sheltered bed in the open.

Seed may also be sown now for flowering next year. The plants that are raised may be wintered either in frames or in a sheltered border.

* * *

It is advisable, before it is too late, to make notes of the height, colour, and times of flowering of the various plants in the herbaceous border.

These notes should be made in writing, for though, when you have the full-grown plants before you, you will no doubt imagine that your memory will supply you with a sufficient record. But unless you are an amateur Datas, this will certainly not be so.

Any planting or rearrangement of the herbaceous border that you may wish to undertake may be done during September, and if the plants that you propose to move have finished flowering and have been cut down, it is necessary that you should have some record of their size and peculiarities, so that you may not set large and bushy plants or tall and slender ones, such as hollyhocks, in the front of the border, or plant next to each other two plants of which the flowers will clash loudly and vigorously in colour.

Biennials should now be ready for planting in their flowering quarters.

Bulbs may be planted for very early flowering, if desired, but it is advisable to keep those that were lifted in May or June and kept dry for the summer until at least the end of the month.

Stocks have often done flowering before September is very far advanced, and they may then be removed to make room for biennials.

C. B. STAINER.

HINTS TO CIGAR SMOKERS.

There is nothing more objectionable than a cigar that becomes unwound at the end which is put in the mouth. To have to take it out of your mouth time after time and adjust the wet outer leaf takes all the enjoyment from the smoke. The great tip is not to bite the end off, for you are bound to tear it; but to use the clipping machine which is found on every tobacconist's counter. If you are buying a quantity, clip them all, one after the other, before leaving the shop.

If you buy your cigars by the box, a cutter is neither expensive nor bulky to keep.

Take your time in lighting up, and get a really good glowing tip to your cigar. Then in all probability it will burn evenly to the end. If you simply apply the match for a second, you will get that chief of abominations—a one-sided cigar.

2/6 MONTHLY

MASTERS, Ltd., 13/6 IMPERIAL BOOTS.

For comfort when walking, hard wear, ease and smartness combined, wear Masters' famous 13/6 Imperial Boots. Every pair guaranteed. Masters' Imperial Boots are good throughout; they keep out the damp, are made from the best selected English leather, box calf uppers, straight cap, three-quarter golosh, jockey back, stout soles, 13/6, with gift of 2/- Shoe-shine Outfit for cash; or send 2/6 now, pay 2/6 on receipt and 2/6 monthly, and you have the Boots to wear while paying for them. Tan Willow 17/6, same terms. Boot Booklet Free.

SUITS ON EASY TERMS

34/6

Our credit terms are for your convenience, therefore you can buy your Suit from us by paying 5/- a month privately by post. Suits cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good cloth, good fit, good style—every bit good—good lining, good buttons and good finish—Suits which make you feel comfortable and well dressed. Prices 34/6, &c., or 5/- monthly. Patterns, fashion plate, and self-measurement form FREE.

MASTERS, Ltd., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENG.

TO SMALL INVESTORS

STOCKS & SHARES

should be bought and sold through
FARROW'S BANK, LTD.,
The People's Bank.

PURCHASES.

The Bank buys Stocks and Shares of all descriptions, quoted or unquoted, and advances money to complete the purchase.

SALES.

Customers selling their Stocks and Shares through the Bank can anticipate and draw the amount of the purchase money immediately the Sale takes place without waiting for the next Stock Exchange settling day.

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

The People's Bank.

Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE CUT OF THE WAISTCOAT.

More and more, and yet daily, I am becoming convinced that not nearly enough attention is paid by most men to the question of waistcoats. In quite a number of cases that have come under my inquisitorial eye lately, a really decent suit has been absolutely spoilt by an ill-fitting and badly-adjusted vest.

There are two tips that I will give the man who is about to order a new suit, and I am assured he will find it profitable to pay heed to them.

The first is with regard to the all-important matter of the neck-opening. This is now cut rather lower than has recently been the case, and the vogue of the high vest is over.

But it is in this very fact that danger lurks for the unwary. The ordinary tailor, unless he is instructed otherwise, will cut the wider opening a straight V shape, with the result that the top part of the waistcoat gapes away from the collar and exposes the short neck-band in an altogether unsightly manner.

Now, the way to avoid this is to adopt the method that was explained to me by a sartorial expert in the West End the other day. This gentleman cuts the opening in a curved V shape, the curves being convex, so to speak, and not concave.

The result is that the vest comes well round the collar and exposes a lengthy but not wide expanse of shirt.

WIDE-ENDED TIES.

Very naturally the more lengthy waistcoat opening has brought about a slight modification in the ties that are worn with it. The narrow-ended tie, unless of the broad knitted variety, is quite unsuitable.

Some skill, however, is required in the arrangement of the broad ends. Most of us have been so long accustomed to the greater part of the tie being hidden by the high waistcoat, that one is apt to be a little careless in the adjustment of the extremities.

The great thing is to see that they are not stretched too tightly by whatever fastens them at the bottom. For this purpose a safety-pin, placed crosswise rather low down, seems to answer as well as anything.

It may or may not be hidden by the waistcoat, but in the former case it is well that the pin should be as good-looking and neatly inconspicuous as possible.

Personally, I always think a plain gold one is preferable to all others.

THE DANGER OF THE WORN-DOWN HEEL.

The other day the question of the too-worn heel was brought to my notice in rather a painful fashion.

I was walking with a friend whose unnecessary—and I may say unpardonable—slovenliness in this particular has often been the object of my censure. Suddenly, as we came to a stretch of rather highly-polished tiled pavement, he gave a lurch forward and narrowly escaped falling.

I pointed out to him that it was the well-worn heels of the brogue-shoes he was wearing that were the cause of what might have been a quite serious mishap, and expressed the hope that he would take the experience as an awful warning.

Apart from the danger and unsightliness of the heel that is down, is the fact that it is undoubtedly bad for the life and shape of the boot.

With a heavy man on the top of them, the boots that are thus worn at an unnatural angle are bound to get "wrung over," and have the uppers stretched from the soles. Moreover, not one man in a hundred can walk smartly and comfortably with boots that do not stand up in the normal way.

A "down-at-heel" condition is generally supposed to indicate that the owner of the shoes cannot afford the rather expensive luxury of having them resoled, but it more often means that he is too lazy to take them to the cobbler's.

If he only realised that besides the shabby appearance that the worn heels give his footwear, he is risking a nasty fall, he might perhaps remedy the defect more quickly.

THE SPORTSMAN'S HAT.

Last week I referred to the style of bowler that will be popular this season, and in this connection I may add a few words on a matter which is becoming rather insistent just now. I refer to the question of headgear for the autumnal sportsman.

All things considered, I incline to the view that hats, of the soft or slouch variety, will be more used than caps.

Not only have there been ample indications throughout the summer that the former are the more popular generally, but there are a hundred and one reasons in the sportsman's eyes that are in their favour.

The first, and perhaps chief of them all, is the advantage of comfort. Shooting in September is a proverbially hot business.

The sun still retains a good measure of his power, and the obvious thing, of course, is to take some means of protecting one's eyes from his rays.

Quite another point in favour of the soft hat, however, is the fact that it is now made in all manner of attractive tones and colours.

For those who contemplate a colour scheme in their sporting get-up, I can honestly commend them.

As a rule I would not recommend any attempt to *match* the colours of suit and hat. The safer, and by far the more satisfactory way, is to select a "softened" green, blue, or brown hat that will *harmonise* with the rest of one's garments.

THE PEG-TOP TROUSERS.

For some time the close follower of fashion has been in a quandary with regard to the cut of his trousers.

On the one hand has been the influence of the Americans, who insist upon having their nether garments absurdly wide at the knee and diminishing to an almost painful narrowness at the boot-top. On the other are those who have endeavoured to hold on to the "as-the-way-down-alike" principle.

At last, the really smart man has seen his way out of the difficulty by that thing so dearly loved of Englishmen—a compromise.

The present fashionable cut for trousers is neither to one extreme nor the other. They are made just comfortably big below the knee and slope down very gradually so that from the knees to the ankles they are fairly tight. The bottoms are, of course, turned up.

It is most important to see that these very smart garments are carefully kept and pressed. Unless a crease is rigorously indicated, there is a tendency towards a leg-of-mutton appearance.

Do you pay too much for your clothes?

In the ordinary way you have to bear your share of heavy rents of tailors' shops. By dealing with us you get not only superior material and cut but better suits for less money than you would have to pay your tailor. If you prefer, we will supply real Yorkshire cloths for the latter to make up. Either way you will save money. Suits from 29/6, lengths from 10/-, post free. Patterns, Measurement Form, and Design Book.

Write for Free

GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, HUDDERSFIELD, ENGLAND.

SPECIALLY FINE FLANNEL SUITS.

You CAN buy a ready-made flannel suit, but it never looks well except in the shop window.

Our flannel suits, though moderate in price, are made of specially soap-shrunk materials, and are cut and tailored with all the care and skill that have made our name famous.

If you are dissatisfied, we return your money.

Any personal fancy of your own will be carried out without extra charge.

The price is

50/-

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

LIN-GLOSS

The New Waterproof Washable Linen Glaze, will give you a clean linen collar every day for six months at a cost of 1s.

Simply paint a coating of LIN-GLOSS on an ordinary linen collar or cuff and you can then wear it for a month and wash it daily with a cold water cloth. You get all the advantages of celluloid without its detestable appearance, and without its dangers. The appearance of the collar is not altered in the least. It is impossible to tell that LIN-GLOSS has been used

A One Shilling Bottle will last six months, and will save 500 per cent. on the outlay.

Ask your Chemist, Oilman, or Storekeeper for it; but if any difficulty be experienced it will be sent post free on receipt of P.O. value 1s. by

THE LIN-GLOSS CO.
(Dept. 9), 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Pair of gent's black brogues and pair of brown boots, 7s. 6d. pair, size 7's; also dress suit, outside leg 41, waist measurement 40. What offers?—Box 3391, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's smart summer suit, cost 45s., chest 37; pair new knee-breeches, cost 13s.; pair Court dancing shoes, 7s., 8's. The lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 3392, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's double-breasted ulster, dark, wool lined, cost 90s., suit height 5ft. 7in. to 9in., chest 37-39in.; 35s., bargain.—Box 3399, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coachman's livery, top and under coats, vest, breeches, top-boots, size eights; £2 10s., exchange stand camera, lens, outfit.—Box 3400. "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Modern anglers say they get absolute value for money by purchasing direct from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs. Catalogues free, containing everything for fly, sea, bottom, spinning, and casting. Made by expert British labour. Quality guaranteed. Packing and delivery free.

Sporting hammer gun, top lever, single barrel, pistol grip, gauge 12, length 30in., weight 6lb. 5oz.; together with cartridge belt, cleaning-rod, &c., accept £3.—Manson, 102, Hampton Road, Forest Gate.

An ideal linen, metal-bound chart of physical exercises, by professional gymnastic instructor. Shows by diagram and explicit information how to develop in a few days any part of entire body. P.O. 3s. 9d.—Albert Ford Craine, 61 and 62, Chancery Lane, and 7 and 8, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.

Nothing too big! Nothing too small for Gilbert Gunn, Scotch Turf Accountant, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow.

For sale, pair Centaur twin-roller skates, almost new, cost 30s.; also sweet-toned violin, Compagnon, in case. First reasonable offers accepted.—Faulkner, Fore Street, Sidmouth.

Can you swim? If not, obtain my sound system of self-tuition. Imparts complete confidence to the most nervous beginner.—Send 1s. P.O. to Box 3395, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, by Riley, 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in., slate bed, mahogany body and legs, low cushions, balls, cues, rack, marking-board, complete, excellent condition. What offers?—Box 3404, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

To Amateurs with limited pocket-money.—Send P.O. 1s. for my handbook, "Inexpensive Photography," which, with its series of unique money-saving tips, will reduce your usual outlay 75 per cent.—Box 3393, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Kodak, No. 2 Bull's Eye, 33s., good condition; 12s. 6d.—Box 3397, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Enlarger, No. 2 Klito, daylight used four times; 10s.—Box 3397, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For sale, History of England, 8 vols., presentation edition, splendid condition, cost £3 10s. What offers, cash?—Box 3415, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Royal Enfield cycle, Sturmey 3 speed, 1909 model de luxe, 28in. wheels, Dunlop tyres; cost £10, sacrifice £3 10s.—G. H. H., 336, Brixton Road, S.W.

Lady's Sunbeam cycle for sale, in good condition. Will accept 50s. for cash.—Box 3394, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Three h.p. cycle engine, good condition, rebushed, &c.; £2.—Box 3409, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Four h.p. Automotor, two accumulators (one new), low frame, enamel and plate in good condition. Palmer cord tyres, brass bound, rubber covered footboards, in perfect order; £13 10s.—Box 3410, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Sacrifice £9 9s. banjo for £2 2s., new case, one of the finest made, going abroad.—Box 3411, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cornet, silver plated, scarcely used, perfect condition, with case, &c.; £2 15s., or near offer.—Box 3412, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 20.

For profitable agency, write Clenechave Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Advertiser going abroad desires to sell his 50 6 per cent. £1 fully paid Preference shares in a sound industrial company with small capital of £20,000 doing large and increasing business and paying good dividends last fifteen years. Will accept £55, or offer. Dividend Oct. 1.—Box 3417, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Very useful novelty, sure to have large sale; half interest in the patent £100, will be worth much more.—Box 3418, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, the loan of £10, repay by monthly instalments, good interest given.—Box 3419, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, £300 bond in Provident, £35 paid, matures for loan, March next. What offers? Going abroad.—Box 3420, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, £50, by a gentleman, good collateral security deposited, 10 per cent. interest given (assured), repayments to suit lender.—Box 3421. "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Eczema.—When you tire of specialists, nasty ointments, &c., and despair of ridding yourself of this distressful complaint, send stamped addressed envelope for particulars of an inexpensive remedy which will positively effect a permanent cure in one month.—Box 3393, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sunburnt men are handsomely attractive (Indian Liquid Bronze). Full particulars, penny stamp.—Binn, 4, Pit Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

DOGS.

Dogs of all breeds for sale, bought, or exchanged; the largest collection in London.—Box 3422. "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

St. Bernard, orange and white, 9 months, massive head and limbs, good home; £3 10s.—Box 3423, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Wanted, a pure black flat-coated small cocker spaniel, well bred, through distemper, for house; moderate price.—Box 3424, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Youth (20), country, refined tastes, desires gentlemanly "pal," London, view holidays or permanent friendship.—Box 3396, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Amusement certain. Four pocket novelties, 1s.; 12 assorted, 2s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

Hobbies' Imperial treadle fretsaw, complete, with drilling attachment; cost 42s. 6d. What offers? Carriage forward.—Box 3390, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Clenechave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology.—Reveals the planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth date with 1s. order. Two years' advice added.—Prof. Mercury, L.K., Llandaff, Glam.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Sept. 3.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*